Saint-Lô: The Resurrection of a Dead City

Saturday Review

July 5, 1969 50¢

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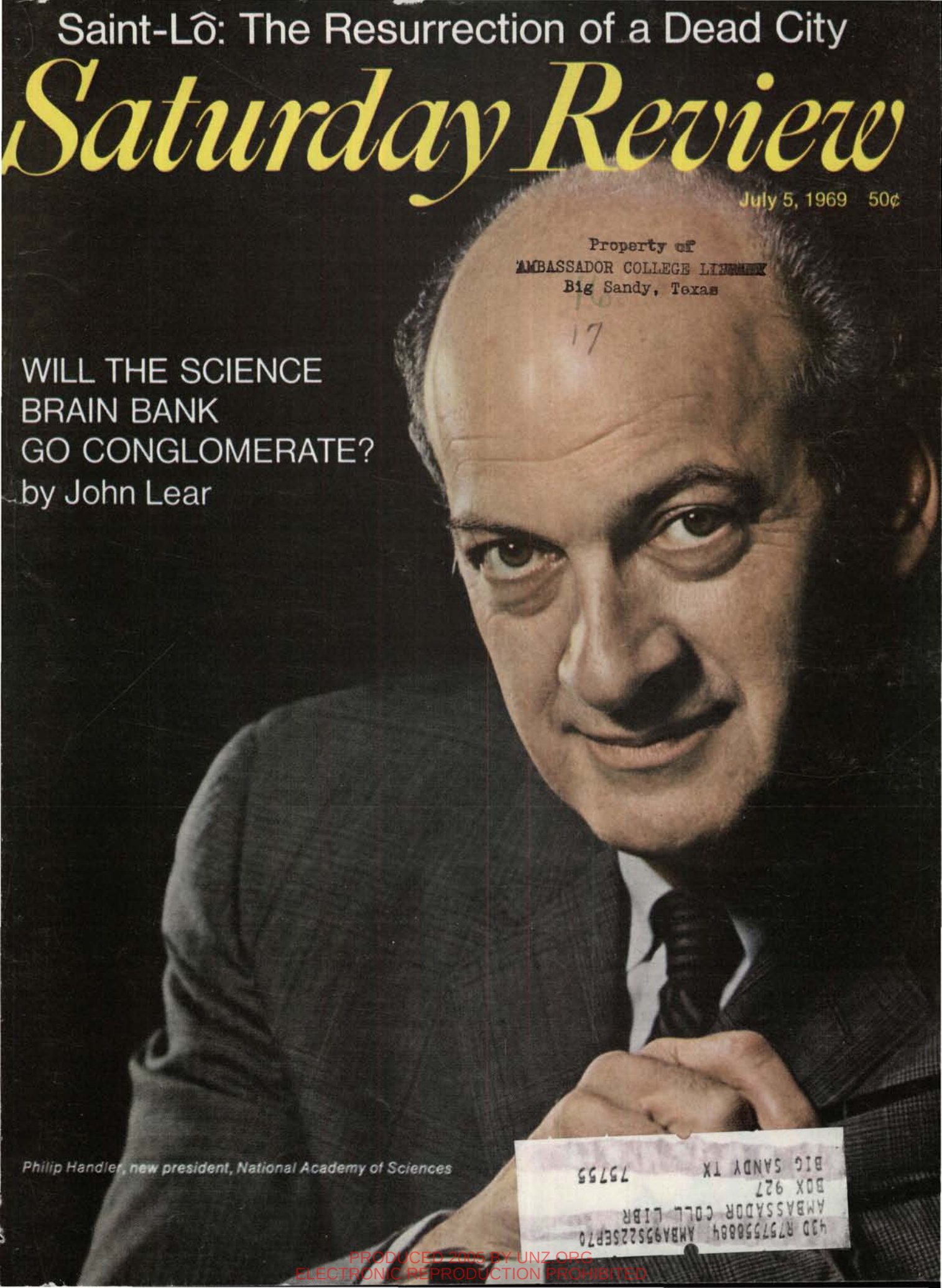
WILL THE SCIENCE BRAIN BANK GO CONGLOMERATE?

by John Lear



Philip Handler, new president, National Academy of Sciences

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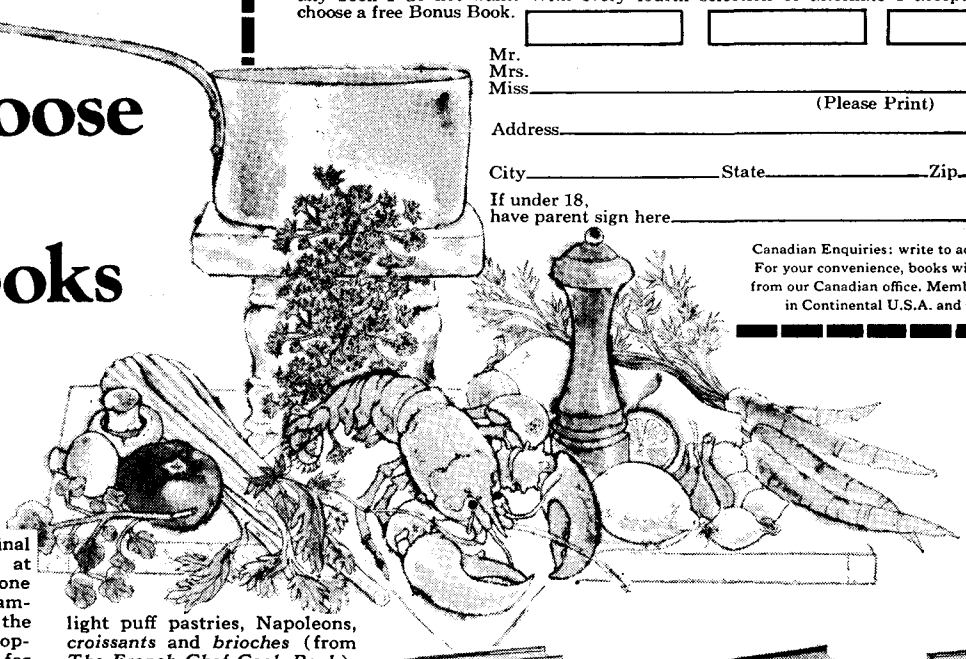

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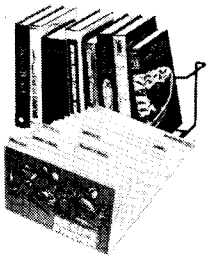

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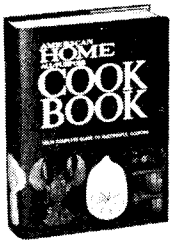

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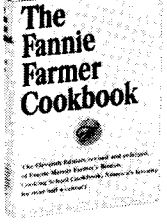

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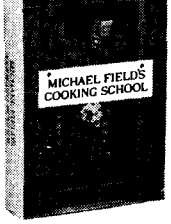

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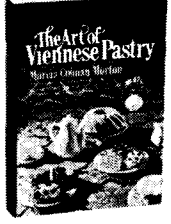

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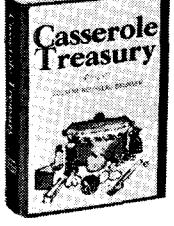

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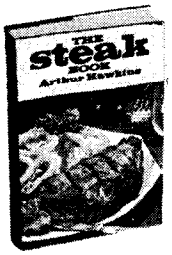

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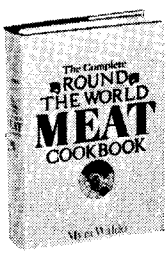

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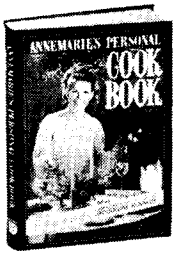

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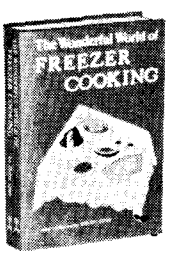

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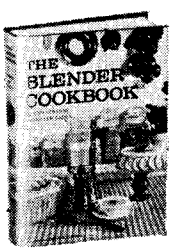

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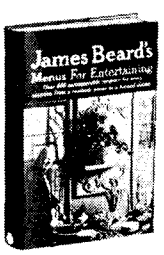

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Saturday Review

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by John Lear

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(Advertisement)

Seems to me that we've had trouble enough finding heroes without the saints being cut out from over us. You'll recall a few months back that St. Christopher and one or two other all-time favorites were recalled or demoted or reduced in rank. Now we have Charles Merrill Smith to thank for a wicked, witty, irreverent but not irreligious little volume called WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING OUT.

Smith, whose first book was the bestseller *How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious,* has turned from bishops to the higher-ups. His is a new kind of lives-of-the-saints and he hasn't confined himself to the Roman Catholic crowd. He also includes Protestant heroes (Luther and Calvin and that bunch) who, though not canonized, are "stalwart Christians."

He comments, for example, on Blessed Cunegundes, a Franciscan who was canonized because, though the wife of Boleslaus V (of Poland), she lived with him in "perpetual continence." Says Smith: "One would think that Boleslaus was a more logical candidate for sainthood than Cunegundes, but the world has a way of misplacing its rewards."

Each very brief "life" is followed by "The Lesson." Of St. Maximus of Turin, he writes: "He was a contemporary of St. Augustine and it was thought at the time that future generations would consider his life and literary works the superior of St. Augustine's but they didn't." The Lesson: "Picking a winner was just as tough in the Fifth Century as it is today." And of Augustine himself, Smith says . . .

Oh well—enough. Better look into the book. With the pointed pencil of Robert Osborn as complementary commentary, Smith shows us how, in a troubled time, we can find new meaning in the lives of the saints. And he does so with what the first review calls "a deliciously impudent sense of humor."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING OUT ($4.95), by Charles Merrill Smith, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any Doubleday Book Shop, one which is located at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford, Connecticut 06117.

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Martin A. Blum; Circulation Director, George A. Reeves; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $9 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LII, No. 27, July 5, 1969. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1969 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. For SR's branch offices see page 51.**

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

What's a Nice Girl Like You Doing in a Place Like This?

IF YOU WERE going to write a star-spangled piece for a July 4 weekend, and you decided to feature the Statue of Liberty, where would you go for your research? Whom would you call —*The New York Times*, the Public Library, or the New York Historical Society?

Not me. I phoned the Statue of Liberty. Oh, don't say that! She's in the Manhattan phone book, page 1698: "Statue of Liberty, Lbrty Isl . . . RE 2-1286."

I phoned. If a man had answered, I was going to hang up. But no, she answered herself.

"Hello, Statue of Liberty?" I asked.

"Yes," a most pleasant voice replied.

"Oh," I said, groping for words, unaccustomed as I am to speaking to famous statues. "I'm uh—I was looking for some information for an article I'm doing. How do I get out there?"

"You take the ferry at the Battery to Liberty Island. Or, as it is known, to Bedloe's Island."

"Thank you. I'll be seeing you, Miss. That's a date now." "Fresh," she said, and slammed her receiver.

Not a very propitious start for an interview, but being the devil-may-care reporter I am, I took out my hat that said PRESS, set it at a rakish angle, and went to interview the Lady in the Harbor. She wasn't too enthused.

"I don't give interviews to everybody," she said. "You should have phoned for an appointment."

"I did. You told me how to get here."

"Oh, that's one of my secretaries. That's my listed number. I had to put in an unlisted phone. All those immigrants calling up. They came here looking for streets paved with gold, and hope for a new freedom and a life of tranquillity—crank calls, complaining."

"Well, I see it says down here: 'Give me your tired, your poor. Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. . . .' "

"Yearning to breathe free—in this polluted air?" she scoffed.

" 'The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, the tempest-tost to me. . . .' "

"I know what it says," she interrupted. "Of course, I can't read it from up here. But everybody who comes out here feels called upon to recite it. And out loud! Gets tiresome after eighty-three years."

"Eighty-three years old," I said, making a note.

"Watch your language, Buster. I don't like the way you put it. But you can say this girl has been carrying the torch for eighty-three years. That's a little joke I put in all my interviews."

"Thank you, that'll spice it up."

"Oh, if that's the kind of paper you're writing for, you can also say that I don't pay my own light bill for this torch."

"You mean—are you implying—?"

"Draw your own inferences. That was all taken care of back in 1886 when old Grover Cleveland turned me on."

"Old Grover Cleveland turned you on?" I asked, writing furiously.

"Yeh, how about that!"

"I'm not surprised. You are attractive. May I ask what you weigh?"

"I weigh 450,000 pounds. But I have the height for it, don't you think?"

"Oh sure, a nice figure of a girl."

"My waist is twenty-five."

"Twenty-five feet," I wrote.

"Hold it," she said. "What are you, a troublemaker? Just let it go at a twenty-five waist. Oh, excuse me, here comes another ship. I have to play hostess again. Oh, it's the *S. S. France*. Got to be especially gracious; they sent me over here, you know. In 214 packing cases! Talk about going steerage! Bless their little hearts, they're waving. *Bonjour, mes amis! Bonjour! Comment allez-vous? Bonjour! Bon appétit* at '21' Club!"

" '21' Club? What's that about?"

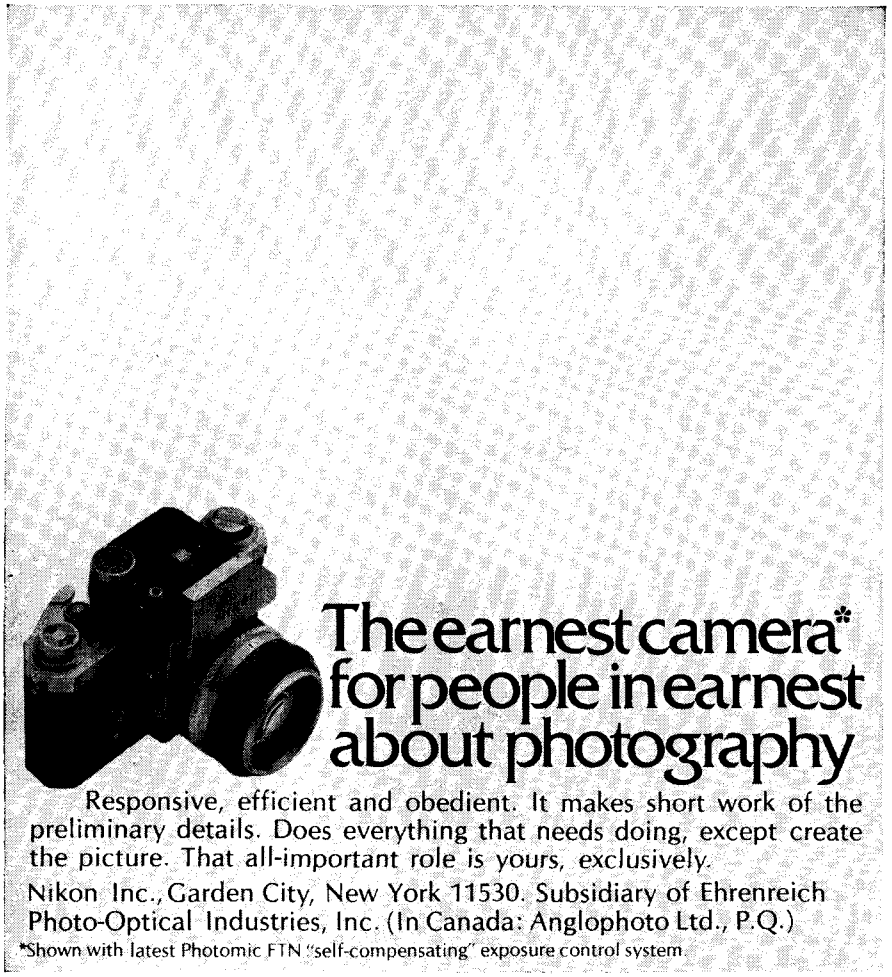
"Oh, that. I throw in a commercial to make them think I'm sponsored. You don't get a prime-time audience without a sponsor, especially since I'm only a documentary."

"But why wish them *bon appétit?* It's the poor and hungry and tempest-tost immigrants you're supposed to welcome to our shores for a life of peace and tranquillity."

"It's a bitter joke, isn't it," she said softly, "what with all the poor and hungry and tempest-tost who are already on our shores? If something isn't done about them quickly, instead of holding this flame to welcome immigrants, I'll be using my hand to wave good-bye to emigrants sailing off to find tranquillity somewhere else."

"Where on earth could that be?"

"Not on earth. Haven't you heard? They've given up on tranquillity on earth. Next, the moon—I hear there's a whole sea of it up there."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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Dance

ONCE THERE WAS a famous *premiere danseuse* and also an equally famous whatever you call her male equivalent,
And their feelings toward one another were far from benevolent.
Their mutual insults came not as single spies but in platoons;
She said that his musical preference was occasionally Bach but more Offenbach, and he said that she thought Massenet occurred on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.
But it was their *pas de deux* that could whip up a tempest in a samovar in an inkling,
They bickered incessantly over whose toes were the more twinkling.
After each *pas de deux* the battle raged to and fro and pro and con;
Once she, having learned her American in England, expressed her opinion of his performance with a disgusted Well I swan, and he said, You mean lousily you swan,
And she said, You wouldn't dare say that if my father were here,
And he said, my *pas* can lick your *pas* any day, and Diaghilev overheard this interchange and it ended both their career.

—OGDEN NASH.

Small Town

SEND ANY BIG-CITY reporter out on an assignment to write about small-town life, and he'll drive ten miles down the freeway to some metropolis of 10,000 people and proceed, tongue in cheek, to delineate the joys of rustic living. He will relate how everyone knows everyone else and the theater group performs only six plays a year. The four movie houses carry six-month-old films, and life in general is peaceful and unhurried.

This is not a small town. A small town is the place that, when you find you are going to move there, has only *one* empty house, so you take it without seeing it. You don't even know what the rent will be. Then, when you get there, you discover you've rented a four-bedroom house, with full basement, dining room, garage, and large yard for $50 a month.

A small town covers sixteen blocks —four each way—and is ringed by Iowa cornfields. Its largest building is the two-story feed and grain elevator. "Small" means that you never can go anywhere in town without seeing someone you know because there are 312 people who share the town with you. These 312 others are vitally interested not in politics or religion—but in each other. Living there means that if you *must* wash clothes on Sunday, you try to keep it a secret, only to find that your neighbor has counted the number of times steam came from the dryer vent. It means casually mentioning that you have a headache and an hour later the same neighbor is at your door with a meat loaf, a bowl of scalloped potatoes, and some homemade doughnuts "so you won't have to fix supper for your family with that headache."

To see a movie in a small town you must drive 15 miles to a theater in another town where tickets are 75 cents for adults and parking is free. The theater often gets a movie a week before television does. And your baby-sitter is costing you 35 cents an hour.

A small town is no doctor, no dentist, no paid police or firemen, no mailman, and, with only twenty-three teen-agers, no juvenile delinquency. A small town is four churches (average membership of thirty), one grocery store, a variety store, a drugstore (which sells aspirin, tabloid newspapers, girlie magazines, and coffee—no drugs), a hardware store, a lumberyard, a bank, two gas stations, and, of course, two bars —which sell only beer. One of the bars has a barbershop in the front—one chair, no waiting.

Shopping in a small town means choosing food from the two aisles of the grocery store—and using one of the seven metal carts. It means charging groceries each time and paying once a month. At the variety store—also with two aisles—you can buy bib overalls, kids' boots, birthday cards, and plastic cemetery flowers. If you need something and the variety store isn't open, just call the owner and she'll come down.

Once a year a mothy circus comes through with a senile elephant and pathetic pony—all the kids crowd into the one tent set up in the park-tennis, court-firehall lot. And the town has annual chicken suppers, chili suppers, bake sales, and square dances. Most everyone is home by 10:30—and that's when the bars close. And almost everyone is up with the siren, which blows

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punctually at 7 a.m., six days a week.

A small town means a library in the basement of the bank in a room about 25 x 25 feet. The hours are consistent—two hours at a time, three days a week. No reference works available. A small town means being one of only ten people who have gone to college—and the only one in town who subscribes to *SR*. It means finding out a friend likes crossword puzzles and suggesting she try a Double-Crostic, only to discover that she finds challenge in the *TV Guide* puzzle.

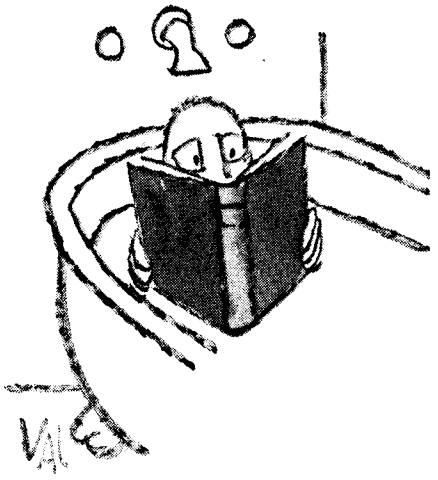
It means being the only pregnant woman in town—and among the four who play contract bridge (and you taught the others how). It means monthly birthday parties and giant New Year's Eve celebrations.

A small town means that if you are heading south on Main Street and you remember you forgot something, you make a U-turn and go back. There are no traffic laws—and there is no traffic. You seldom pass another car, unless it's parked. It means that the mayor drives the snowplow in the winter and it takes him most of a morning to plow out all the streets.

And living in a small town means that when it is time for you to move—which few people do—a friend stops you on the sidewalk and wishes you luck—and she's crying. And others give you a going-away party—and you cry. It means forgetting that in a city you don't chat cheerfully with the checker in the super market and you don't wave to everyone you see. It means forgetting that in a city you lock your doors and at night noises outside the house are ominous. It means forgetting that exhaust fumes smell much worse than fertilizer, and that you can go for days without ever seeing someone you know.

Living in—and then leaving—a small town means that you know if things ever get hard and you have nowhere to go and you're really broke—just get back somehow.

—GWENDOLYNN LIDSTROM.



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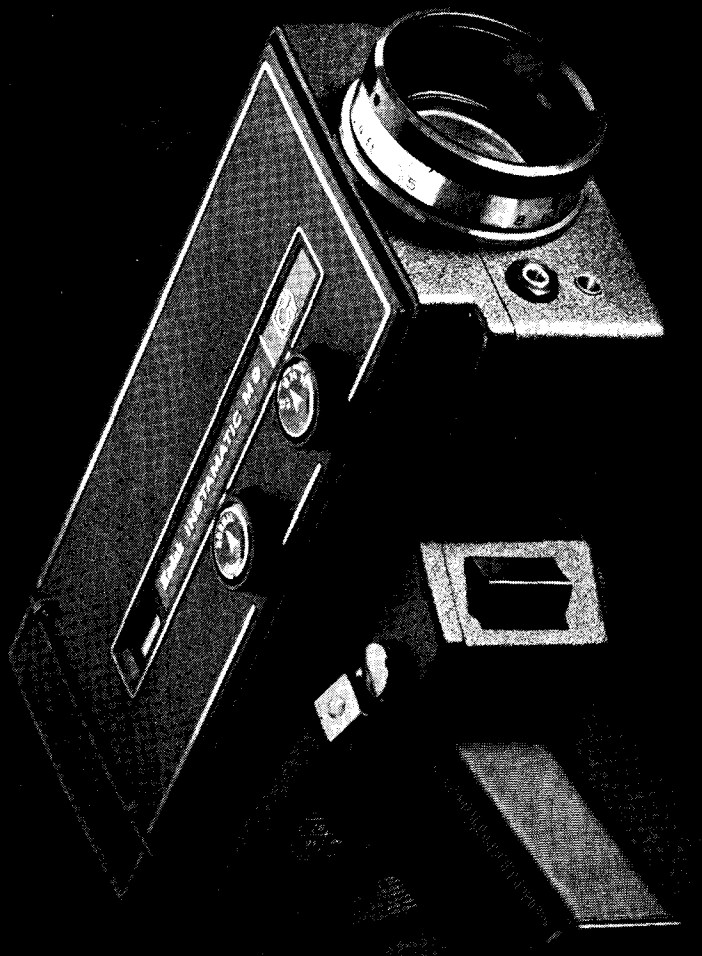

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

A group of archaeologists was unearthing old Maya ruins in Yucatán and became hungry for fresh meat, reports A. W. Edwards of Corpus Christi, Texas. Hunters soon brought in an abundant supply of fresh carcasses of wild peccary and other edible fauna. To preserve the meat a member of the crew set up a rack inside a stepped pyramid, built a fire, and proceeded to cure the carcasses with wood smoke. Because of poor ventilation, he was overcome by noxious fumes and became unconscious. Fortunately, he was revived. The incident prompted the expedition leader to post a sign near all the old pyramids: CAUTION: ZIGGURAT SMOKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

In May, invitations went out to important people in and around Los Angeles, inviting them to a reception in honor of Countess Diane Trejinska and the Honorable Rolf Orlovsky, international banker and celebrity. It was held May 27, and more than 100 attended. The guests of honor arrived in a Rolls-Royce, having flown from Europe for the occasion. They were curtsied to and bowed to, while some ladies argued about whether or not to remove one's gloves when meeting royalty.

"How was Vienna?" one guest asked the Countess, who replied, "So tiring, darling."

"I saw you lunching in Paris with Rudy," someone told Rolf Orlovsky, "but you don't remember me."

Eventually, word got out that it was a hoax, a stunt to promote a new book. Trejinska and Orlovsky are characters in *The Pretenders*, a novel by Gwen Davis, and their parts were played by Sandor and Katya Szabo, friends of the author. It's the kind of thing Gwen Davis would get involved in, I think, for she's a girl of no mean activity and accomplishment. She grew up in Tucson, where her father was mayor, and was graduated from Bryn Mawr at age eighteen. She sang in a Paris nightclub, wrote in London, visited Spain (fell in love with a bullfighter), Italy (an Italian prince), fell off a pyramid in Egypt, sang in a Hollywood nightclub—all before she was twenty-one.

At twenty-two, she enrolled at Stanford to get a Master's in creative writing. The requirement was to write a "publishable" novel. Her satire on wife-swapping, *Someone's In The Kitchen With Dinah*, was not accepted, Stanford said, because it was "undignified." Doubleday published it, which seemed to fill the requirement, but Gwen's degree was withheld. For seven years she sent them everything she wrote, and finally her fourth book, *Sweet William*, brought her the parchment. She has written a Broadway play, a motion picture, and 500 songs. "I'm the Jane Austen of the jet set," she told me.

The acronym business got out of hand long ago, but there is no stopping the trend. Recently I heard about groups fighting the teaching of sex in schools. There is PAUSE (People Against Unconstitutional Sex Education) and MOMS (Mothers for Moral Stability). In upstate New York there is GRASP (Greater Rensselaer Alcoholic Service Project), which deals with problems of alcoholics, and the Action Committee for Narcotics Education and Enforcement, which works with teenagers on those matters. The fact that it's known as ACNEE for short may or may not help.

But from John Mills Martin and Christopher Vickery of Queens College, New York, comes a message. They call it A Contrived Reduction Of Nomenclature Yielding Mnemonics. That, it is safe to say, is the final word on the subject.

Despite the intensive campaign by insurance companies, it is not always advisable to remove the ignition keys from your car. A man who lives in New Hampshire explained to me why. He was at work when he heard on the radio that two escaped convicts were being sought in the country area where he lives. They were armed and dangerous. They were looking for transportation, it was said, and would steal a car. The man quickly called home and told his wife to lock the car. He hung up, satisfied that his automobile wouldn't be stolen. He thought it over a while, and then suddenly called home and ordered her to put the keys back in the ignition and put the car out in the driveway near the road. Why? Figure it out for yourself.

According to the Los Angeles *Times*'s Matt Weinstock, a California housewife arranged a bowl of anemones in the living room. Her husband then added a bunch of ferns, plucked from his garden. When she snatched her flowers out of the bowl, leaving only the ferns, he asked her why she did such a thing. "Because," she replied, "with fronds like yours, who needs anemones?"

Sharps and Flats: Wayne Moseley pictures Mme. Georges Simenon departing on a long cruise and saying goodbye to her husband: "Au revoir, Georges—don't forget to write."

► Life's saddest experience: reading *Vogue*'s regular feature PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . , and not ever hearing anyone talk about the things in it.

► Alison Knowles, in the ninth grade in St. Louis, was amused to read in her *English Grammar and Composition:* "The Forum was a rectangular square. . . ." And what other shapes do squares come in? she asks.

► In New Jersey, two women were arrested for soliciting at a tavern called the Inn Discreet.

► The B. Dalton bookstore in Minneapolis stocks its copies of *Adultery for Adults* in the Self-Improvement section.

► A woman customer phoned the Book Nook in Clayton, Missouri, to inquire if they had copies of *Pornography's Complaint.*

► In Sacramento, a high school English teacher was brought up on charges by the school board. One of the complaints was of a too liberal attitude in the classroom where, a student declared, the teacher made reference to "dangling" participles and "copulative" verbs, in an effort to prove that "English could be sexy."

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Nixon and the Weapons Talks

BEHIND THE SEEMINGLY imperturbable facade of the Nixon Administration's monumental infighting over decisions of far-reaching importance has churned up tempers and passions. Much of the fiercest battling has raged around preparations for the Soviet-American negotiations on limiting strategic nuclear weapons. Last week, under pressures from Congress and the press, the President announced that the United States would be ready for such talks by early August, although the National Security Council has yet to hold a single meeting on the matter.

The basic difference between the Nixon and Johnson approaches to these negotiations is the sense of urgency. Under President Johnson the emphasis was on speed. That is why the Johnson team was content with internal agreements on a preliminary policy position that would enable it to begin negotiations as soon as possible; the refining was to be left until it had become clear what sort of proposals the Soviet Union would put forward.

Such controversial questions, therefore, as the development of MIRV (multiple independently targetable reentry vehicle) and the ABM were not included in the negotiating package. MIRV, a nuclear warhead containing up to a dozen smaller warheads, which enormously complicates ICBM defense, is still in the testing stage. The Russians meanwhile also have gone ahead with their own MIRV testing and ABM development. It is assumed they will want to keep the option of maintaining an ABM defense at least against the Chinese. The United States wants to do the same, but the hope is to negotiate an agreement that would make an ABM defense against the Soviet Union unnecessary.

The Johnson Administration gave top priority to such an agreement, since it would offer a clear indication of the extent to which the United States and the Soviet Union could stabilize the arms race between themselves. Robert McNamara, then Secretary of Defense, and his successor, Clark Clifford, believed that emphasis should be put on beginning talks with the Russians as soon as possible. The idea was that once they started, the negotiations would have a restraining effect on the development of new weapons and would tend to de-escalate the arms race.

Those who argued for speed in the Nixon Administration—and most are to be found in the State Department—made headway because their opposition also obtained what it asked for. The President decided to proceed full speed with MIRV development by rejecting a unilateral moratorium and by making it clear that he would press for his ABM plan now before Congress. He left himself an out, though, by offering to negotiate a reciprocal moratorium with the Soviet Union on MIRV that, if it were put on top of the agenda of the forthcoming disarmament talks, could still halt the arms race spiral.

Another difference of opinion has arisen about Mr. Nixon's pledge to consult our NATO allies. The President and his national security affairs adviser, Dr. Henry Kissinger, strongly believe in living up to their promise. They do not want to see a repetition of the quarrels that undermined relations with our allies after the Soviet Union and the U.S. had agreed on the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty. This pact, it is claimed, was negotiated largely in secret and presented to the allies as a *fait accompli*. This led to endless controversy with the allies, especially the Bonn government—and the aftertaste of mistrust and continued dissatisfaction has delayed German ratification of the treaty.

On the other side of the coin, Secretary of State William Rogers and his aides are much less certain that it is possible to negotiate with the Soviets and consult with the allies at the same time. They believe that this is likely to slow down negotiations to such an extent that they will get nowhere.

The military favored delaying the missile talks primarily in order to be able to complete the MIRV tests, which have been successful so far. They view the weapon as a hedge against a Soviet superiority in numbers of ICBMs, since the United States has decided to limit the number of Minutemen to around 1,000 missiles.

Another group of experts counsels that time is not of the essence; that the Soviet Union, for economic reasons, needs a disarmament agreement far more than the United States. They maintain that the pressures in the Soviet Union for more consumer goods are such that the Kremlin cannot afford to spend as much money

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on arms as it has, and that this is its main incentive for seeking disarmament negotiations. Congress, however, is likely to consider economic difficulties of our own. The pressures on the Pentagon to reduce American arms costs have not only become obvious, but have assumed an intensity as never before. And men such as Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard share the conviction that these arms costs must be brought under control.

The decision to proceed with the MIRV tests is based on the argument that the Soviet Union has already gone too far in the development of this weapon for the United States to take any risks. MIRV is a good example of how difficult it is to stop the arms race. It would have been relatively easy to reach an agreement with the Russians to freeze intercontinental nuclear missiles a year ago because their location and number could have been determined with considerable accuracy by satellite observation. But once each side tips these missiles with MIRV warheads, some form of inspection will be necessary.

Those who think the talks will hurt U.S.-West European relations believe that the NATO allies still have not fully grasped the consequences of nuclear parity between the superpowers. These experts believe that "War, in a world where nuclear parity exists, cannot be dealt with by legal commitment." In other words, it becomes very doubtful whether the United States will live up to its commitment unless an aggression occurs that clearly threatens its own security, for no nation in this nuclear age is likely to be willing to commit suicide to save another nation. Both superpowers know that neither has a chance of winning a nuclear war. It would therefore be vital to obtain assurances from the Russians that there would be no further crises over Berlin, which could always become a *casus belli*. Those who minimize the effect of a "nuclear freeze" on the NATO alliance argue that such an agreement would do nothing more than codify the existing situation and therefore the existing commitments as well.

The Europeans are slowly becoming aware of the consequences of a world of nuclear parity. One sign of this is that the British and Germans have produced contingency plans for the use of tactical nuclear weapons in case of an attack by conventional armed forces on NATO. In case of a nuclear attack on Europe the assumption still is that this would trigger the American strategic nuclear forces. There are those who argue that the

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Saturday Review
July 5, 1969

SAINT-LÔ: THE RESURRECTION OF A DEAD CITY

by RUTH CHERNISS

The cemetery at Saint-Lô looks more like a battlefield than a graveyard. Here, in July 1944, raged the last few hours of the long and bitter battle for Saint-Lô, the battle that secured the Cotentin Peninsula in Normandy and opened the gates to the liberation of France. Rows of cheap tin crosses marked, simply, "Unidentified Bones" cover the graves of the many anonymous dead.

"Here's where we were digging when bullets started raining on us," said Marcel Menant some twenty years later; a wiry, alert little man, Menant had worked in the resistance movement and was one of the twenty-nine residents of Saint-Lô to remain in the city throughout the battle. "We had to stop burying bodies and take to cover," continued Menant. From a hill to the northeast, units of the American First Army had fired on the volunteer gravediggers. "Strange things happen in war," he went on as he pointed to a granite sarcophagus, its lid pried off, which American GIs had used as a foxhole during the height of the battle. Great chunks had been blown off the larger gravestones, shells had splintered the granite monoliths, and monuments to the dead of earlier wars had been shattered. In a newer portion of the cemetery were the rows of metal crosses, markers for some of the hundreds of Saint-Lô residents who perished in the ruins of the air bombardment of the sixth of June. Along the dirt paths inscriptions on the crosses read: "Bones, Rue de la Marne," "Bones from the St. Joseph Hospital," "Unknown man from Le Bouloir section," "Ladrone child," "Bones, possibly Mme. Marie."

In the days that followed the destruction of Saint-Lô, the few able-bodied men had dug these graves and buried the charred remains of their fellow townsmen. There was no way of identifying the bodies; the heaps of stone ruins had so filled the streets that even lifelong residents found their way with difficulty through a once-familiar city. With the exception of the cathedral apse and the remaining stub of one of its two towers, all of the public buildings had crashed and burned and, with them, the city's records, archives, and vital statistics. The totality of the destruction also prevented an accurate estimate of the number of dead. Bodies or parts of bodies came into view as the rubble dwindled; the corpses of two German soldiers, identified by shreds of their uniforms, were discovered ten years after the battle by excavators, and six female skeletons came to light in 1953 in the clearing of ground for a new apartment house. A faded *carte d'identité* that had somehow eluded the flames made possible the identification of one body, but hundreds of corpses, buried in the rubble, disappeared—forever nameless.

Saint-Lô—before 1940 a busy, prosperous city, the center of one of the richest agricultural regions of France, and capital of the department of the Manche—was so thoroughly destroyed by American bombers on the night of June 6-7, 1944, that, in a later campaign, an officer briefing his men for an all-out attack on another town commanded them to "go in and Saint-Lô the place." The name of the city had become a verb.

Almost exactly six centuries earlier, at the beginning of the One Hundred Years' War, the city had been deliberately burned when England's Edward III, proclaiming himself King of France, landed at St.-Vaast-la-Hougue, less than ten miles north of the "Utah Beach" of the 1944 invasion. Edward had sacked and looted Saint-Lô, even then a prosperous city, as is attested by the fourteenth-century chronicler Froissart: "No man alive can imagine or believe the amount of riches in that city, or the vast quantity of cloth the troops found there." But the Twenty-ninth and Thirty-fifth U.S. Divisions, entering Saint-Lô on July 18-19, 1944, were greeted by no such wealth. They found only devastation; Saint-Lô became known as the "capital of ruins."

Between 1574 and 1944 no enemy had attacked the 12-foot-thick city walls. During those four centuries, Saint-Lô had carried on prosperous tanning and spinning industries and the manufacture of wool serge and flannelette. As a center of provincial juridical activity it boasted many prominent judges, advocates, and civil administrators. By the middle of the eighteenth century, peace had become such a normal state that the town's towers and ramparts were dismantled; almost every trace of the fortifications built by Charlemagne a thousand years before had disappeared.

It should have been obvious to anyone familiar with the highways of the Cotentin Peninsula that an invasion of France in World War II from the Normandy beachheads would involve the city of Saint-Lô. As one Laudinien put it, Saint-Lô was like a spider clinging to the center of a web whose chief strands were the roads to Coutances, Villedieu, Tessy, Torigni, Bayeux, and Carentan. How that spider was crushed and her

Ruth Cherniss, a retired French teacher, is a free-lance writer and editor who lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

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web rent in shreds is the story of the long and bloody battle between the American First and German Seventh Armies.

No living creature greeted the entering victorious troops of Task Force C of the Twenty-ninth Division which had been fighting continually for forty-three days—since D-Day. A few Germans were still sniping from among the ruins, and, from the outskirts, mortar and artillery fire was still being poured in by an enemy that had received orders not to give up the city.

The official date of the liberation of Saint-Lô is July 18, but for Menant and the twenty-eight others who remained in the city "unofficially" throughout the six weeks' battle, liberation came only a week later.

Menant was thirty-two years old when the war broke out. Taken prisoner during the fall of France he was released in 1941, and from September of that year until the liberation he worked in the resistance movement of Normandy. Specializing in intelligence work, Menant received and distributed clandestine orders and messages. His last important assignment — to meet and lodge the man designated to be the postwar Prefect of the department—could not be carried out. All the preparations had been carefully planned—everything, that is, except the annihilation of Saint-Lô and the forty-three days of battle for its liberation. But Menant had not received counter-orders; he had not been informed of any new decisions taken. It was his duty to remain.

June 5 was a warm night in Saint-Lô. A premonitory calm reigned over the old Norman city, but German anti-aircraft batteries, with better aim than usual that night, brought down their first—and last—victim at Saint-Lô. A nervous expectancy filled the minds of the little group of resistance workers who, for three long years, had worked to prepare for the promised second front.

Over the 9:15 BBC broadcast, which Menant had heard that evening on his brother's hidden radio (one of very few to have escaped the thorough German search and confiscation of all sets a few months earlier), came the cryptic words: "The Sirens will have hair." Here was the long-awaited signal; at last the supreme moment had come. Each man to his post and above all, caution. Don't act too hastily, play your game with the occupying authorities up until the last moment. Beware of giving yourself away. Later, Menant learned that his name had figured on a list of eighty that had been sent by informers to the local *Kommandantur*. In the event of invasion by the Allies, he and all his family were to be arrested. But this list, like several others, had been destroyed by an undercover agent—a man ostensibly working for the German occupation officials.

Dawn comes early in the Norman summer, and with it on that sixth of June there came the punctuated vibrations of distant explosions and the excited rumors that "IT" had begun. But even without the concealed crystal sets and the swift flight of rumor that morning, the Laudiniens would have known that something important was taking place on Norman soil. The Germans, who for four years had garrisoned and administered the city, were feverishly piling their personal belongings and office records onto camouflaged trucks, and the townfolk watched with ironical smiles as their eyes spoke the expectation that the American liberators would soon be marching triumphantly into the city, if not that evening, then surely the next day. After all, it was only about 20 miles from the coast to Saint-Lô. Several truckloads of New Zealand parachutists had already been captured, their blackened faces no protection after dawn caught up with their advance. They had been brought to Saint-Lô, and the SS troops were arrogantly showing off their valued prisoners in the square in front of the *Kommandantur*.

One of the first men to come to the city hall that morning was Menant, for, with the brazenness born of years of successful resistance and well-planned sabotage, the little band of underground workers was now anxiously awaiting the explosives that were to liberate many of their friends imprisoned by the Germans for political activity. The heavy door of the prison suddenly opened and, to the surprise of Menant and a co-worker, a few prisoners were let out. These hostages, unlike those of earlier groups, were not being herded off to the outskirts of town to be lined up and shot by a German firing squad. For some unexplained reason they were being freed! Their welcoming committee of two, fearful lest their friends be rounded up again, hustled them out of town, stopping in a café, however, just long enough to drink to their freedom. Had they not been released that day these prisoners would almost all have died, for few of those trapped in the bombed wreckage of the stone prison ever saw the light of day again.

Meanwhile, the Germans were posting black and red notices all over the city in French and German curtailing citizens' activities: No one was to leave town; there was to be no riding of bicycles; all meetings were prohibited; no one was allowed to leave his house after curfew — orders which a few hours' time was to render meaningless.

It was a day heavy with excitement and anticipation, devoid of news. Telephones were silent and early reports, lacking confirmation, multiplied and became embellished by rumor, hope, and imagination. About 4 in the afternoon a few dive-bombers dropped their explosive message on the railway station—a direct hit which seemed both logical and proper to the people of Saint-Lô. The accuracy of the aim with the destruction of tracks and rolling stock was nothing new in this war upon nerve centers and communications. Clearly an air force that directed its missiles so precisely on the nose of the target knew what it was doing.

By evening the awaited motorcycle, harbinger of the truckload of dynamite, had still not come and, as the group of resisters sitting in a café were discussing the possible fate of the explosives that were to blow up the heavy door of the prison, a string of bombs dropped from the sky, shaking the city to its stone foundations. Aperitifs were hastily abandoned, dinners left to cool—forever—on dining room tables. Three terrific explosions, about forty bombs in each, rent the city apart. People rushed out of their houses, many wounded by crashing walls and flying glass; clouds of pulverized stone filled the sulfuric air as the civil defense workers hastened to help the populace seek the outlying quarters of the town and, farther on, the fields in which they would spend the night, and many a night thereafter.

Some people, believing that no worse could happen, were prepared to remain, for the destruction did not encompass the entire city. Others, including those who had studied the map and who realized by now that Saint-Lô was destined to be wiped off it, urged their fellow citizens to leave at once.

For all its destruction the 8 o'clock bombing saved many lives. Far from being the "real thing" it proved to be only a warning, a sample of what was coming. Its severity had, however, forced hundreds of Laudiniens who would otherwise have been trapped in the inferno of the midnight holocaust to take to the fields. It has been estimated that had the earlier raid not occurred the midnight attack would have left at least 2,000 dead instead of the more than 700 who did perish.

No air-raid sirens announced the coming of the three formations of twin-motor marauders. Although during the afternoon American planes had dropped leaflets from the Supreme Command warning the inhabitants to leave the city at once, a high wind had carried most of the papers off toward the northeast where they had landed in pastures.

A little after midnight the first for-

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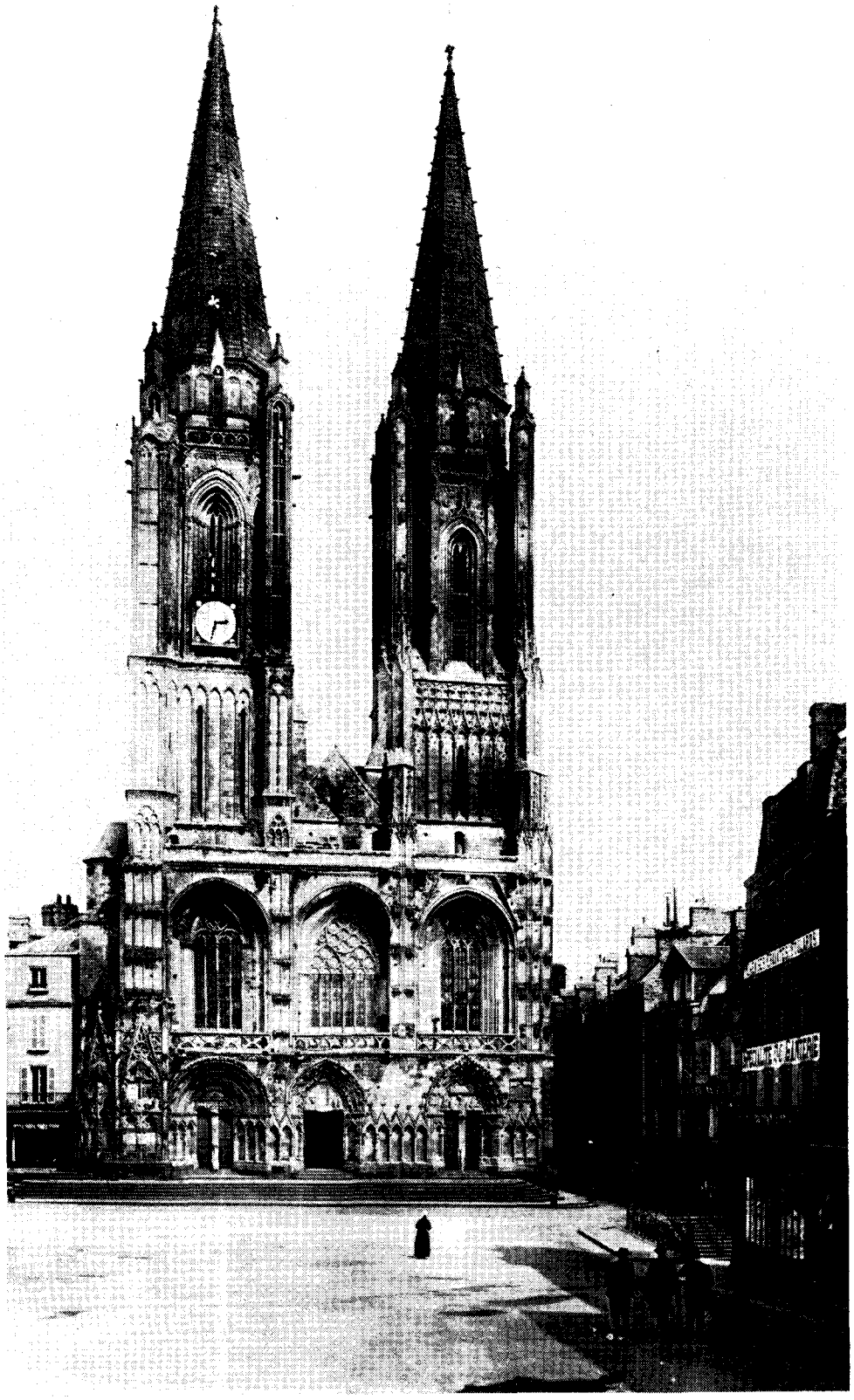

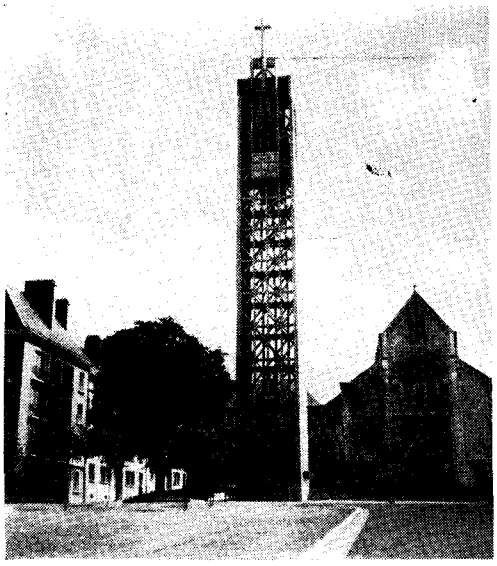

The Cathedral of Notre-Dame (above) in Saint-Lô prior to the Allied bombing raid in June 1944 and the eventual liberation of German-held France. At bottom right, an aerial view of the center of the bombed-out city—"with the exception of the cathedral apse and the remaining stub of its two towers, all of the public buildings had crashed and burned." Top right, a rubble-strewn street in Saint-Lô after the six-week battle of liberation, and (immediately below) as the street appears today after the city's phoenix-like rise from the ashes. Middle right, the Church of Sainte-Croix provides a backdrop for the contemporary monument to the city's fellow citizens who lost their lives during the battle of Saint-Lô.

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mation of planes—about fifty according to one survivor—suddenly roared toward the city. One of them dropped a flare over the center of town. Like a pack of hounds the squadron fell upon its prey. An eye witness has described the attack: "Soon the bombs were falling so fast that one could no longer distinguish individual explosions. It was like a constant roar of thunder, a steady flash of infernal lightning. The flames leaped from all parts of the city at once, but their intensity was so great, the deafening and continued volume of the explosions so intense that the shooting flashes and bursts of flame, sparks, and flakes blown into the sky seemed to have no relation to their own explosions. . . . In a short time the western half of the city had become a vast furnace with red and yellow shafts lighting up the sky between huge columns of smoke. Every little while a plane, its belly reflecting the lights of a thousand fires, would streak across the sky between the columns of smoke, like a gold fish slithering through the vegetation of an aquarium faintly lighted from the bottom. Sometimes two, three, or four Horsemen of the Apocalypse would come riding together across the fiery firmament, to the sound of the rolling of thunder and the shrieking of motors, sowing death, mutilation, and misery."

Among the victims of the midnight attack were many of the 200 prisoners whose cells the German guards would not unlock when they themselves fled to safety. Forty-two bodies were later identified—crushed in the ruins of the massive prison walls—and scores of others, blown to bits by the explosions, were never found. One of the few to survive was Louis Gablin, a heavy-set man whose resistance activity had landed him behind the iron bars a few months before the opening of the second front. Gablin's cell door resisted the bombing to the very end, but he escaped by groping his way over shattered walls and broken beams. After being pinned in the wreckage for several hours, given up for dead by the few companions who tried unsuccessfully to dig him out from under the wall that had collapsed upon him, he regained consciousness when flying sparks ignited his shirt collar. His one hand badly hurt (he had lost the other arm at the Battle of Verdun in the First World War), his head dripping blood, he staggered, slid, and fell to the ground among the crashing debris. Dazed, uncertain of his whereabouts, he was unable, as he set out for his house, to recognize the streets: all the old landmarks were now mountains of crushed stone and iron. When Gablin finally got his bearings and miraculously reached his home, his wife was overcome to see him alive.

At the other end of town, Menant and his civil defense group were helping refugees to leave town and to find lodgings in neighboring farms. During the next few days the civil defense workers buried what bodies they could dig out of the ruins, but the gravediggers were under constant threat of planes that dropped bombs on the barely covered trenches.

On June 14, while delayed-action bombs were still exploding among the ruins, the first artillery shells fell on the eastern portion of the city. The Battle of Saint-Lô had begun. On the seventeenth and eighteenth, heavy caliber shells from naval guns fell on the Saint-Jean road. A splinter from one shell struck a group of Sunday worshipers in the tiny village of La Monterie, killing twelve instantly.

More and more of the few Laudiniens who had remained in their habitable homes on the outskirts of town now began heading for open farmland. Anything was better than being a target for a blind naval gun 20 kilometers off or for a low-flying plane whose machine gunner couldn't tell a French civilian from a German soldier. Sleeping in roadside ditches was not too bad in the warm Norman June weather. And it was becoming clear that every building and every crossroad was destined to be wiped out by Allied attack. Saint-Lô was the hub of many spokes leading north, south, east, and west. So long as the Germans held Saint-Lô they commanded the routes by which reinforcements could be brought up to their front lines.

Between the eighteenth of June and the fourth of July there was intermittent but violent artillery bombardment, culminating on American Independence Day in the wiping out of German batteries of 77s along the Saint-Jean route and a terrific pounding of the Bayeux road.

On July 9 the Germans combed the ruins of the city for any die-hard Laudiniens, ordering general evacuation and threatening to shoot anyone who remained. This order brought about the almost total exodus of July 10.

In the past twenty-five years, Marcel Menant has often asked himself just why he defied the evacuation order, and how it was that his confidence in imminent liberation reassured the twenty-eight Laudiniens who remained behind with him (half of them members of his own family). For it was evident by this time that the assignment given him by the resistance could not be carried out. But when he saw the Germans setting up a battery of machine guns across the street from his house, and an anti-tank gun pointing down the road, Menant knew that liberation could not be far off. He and his companions had not carried on their dangerous, clandestine resistance for three years only to leave when the triumphant Allies were about to enter their city.

It was not an easy matter to explain to the Germans who discovered the party and to the infantry colonel who interrogated Menant at great length why they had resisted the evacuation order. And so Menant was declared a hostage, responsible for any incidents that might occur as a result of his defying the decree. He stuck a big sign on his front door, with a red cross on it, and a notice in three languages stating that the inhabitants were French. The colonel asked him in an ironical tone why he hadn't included a Russian translation in addition to the English and German.

Among the small group who had remained behind was Papa Langlois, an old beggar with a wooden leg. One day Papa Langlois took it into his head to go out and cross the battle lines to see how his rabbits were getting on at Madame Cabassol's farm on the Bayeux road. When Papa Langlois was missing at roll call that evening, the *Feldwebel* in charge told Menant that he would be shot if the old man did not return.

Langlois did not come back that night, but the next day his nervous companions saw him at a distance, trudging calmly down the tree-lined road, oblivious of the blasts of shells overhead. He paid no attention to their shouts for him to fall down flat, but called to them that the "Holy Virgin and Madame Merde" would protect him. When he finally reached the anxious group he reported that his rabbits were doing all right and so, by the way, were the 300 American and Canadian troops quartered on the Cabassol farm. This was wonderful news, for the Germans holding the position beside the Menant house numbered only about fifty.

On the seventeenth the refuge came under sharp artillery fire and one of their number, a fellow named Folliot, was blown to pieces as he was returning from milking the last two cows on Madame Leguedois's farm. It was on that night that the little party learned how near they now stood to freedom. A corporal from Strasbourg, whose allegiance to France was obviously stronger than his fear of his superiors' reprisals, let Menant listen to the 9:15 BBC broadcast. It was with great excitement that he heard the report: "Bitter fighting is raging on the heights around Saint-Lô. The little village of Martinville has been taken and lost several times." Martinville was only about 1,500 yards away.

Early on July 18 Major General Cor-

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lett, commanding the Nineteenth Corps of the First Army, gave orders to take and secure Saint-Lô. It was known that a pocket of Germans was still holding out inside the town, but the existence of twenty-eight French hostages was, of course, not suspected. By the twenty-first it seemed evident to the little group on the Saint-Jean route that the center of Saint-Lô must be in Allied hands, for German artillery was aiming in that direction. But what was to become of them if the battle continued right down to their front door?

On the twenty-third, another family that had held out in a shelter for the six weeks since the beginning of the battle emerged from its dugout behind the house. This was Monsieur Mugler whose old sapper-training days as an engineer stood him in good stead. His shelter was a model of its kind and, as a special precaution, he had set up two white flags—one facing east reading, in what he thought was phonetic German spelling, "Franzous," the other to the west, reading "Franch," for the benefit of the Americans, who later that day battled their way to Mugler's flag-bedecked house. Mugler told his liberators about the group of hostages stranded up the road on the edge of town, but the troops feared a counter-attack and left hastily, promising to return the next day.

The situation of the Menant group had now become desperate. All of Saint-Lô was in Allied hands and the fifty Germans here on the Saint-Jean road constituted the last holdouts. Menant had managed to signal to a low-flying plane the place and identity of the hostage group and had been answered by two dips of the wing; it was clear that the Allies were trying to spare them. But this was clear to the Germans, too, for they sought refuge in trenches that they had ordered the French to dig for them close to the house. Was the Allied air force going to dislodge the Germans or was it going to spare the French?

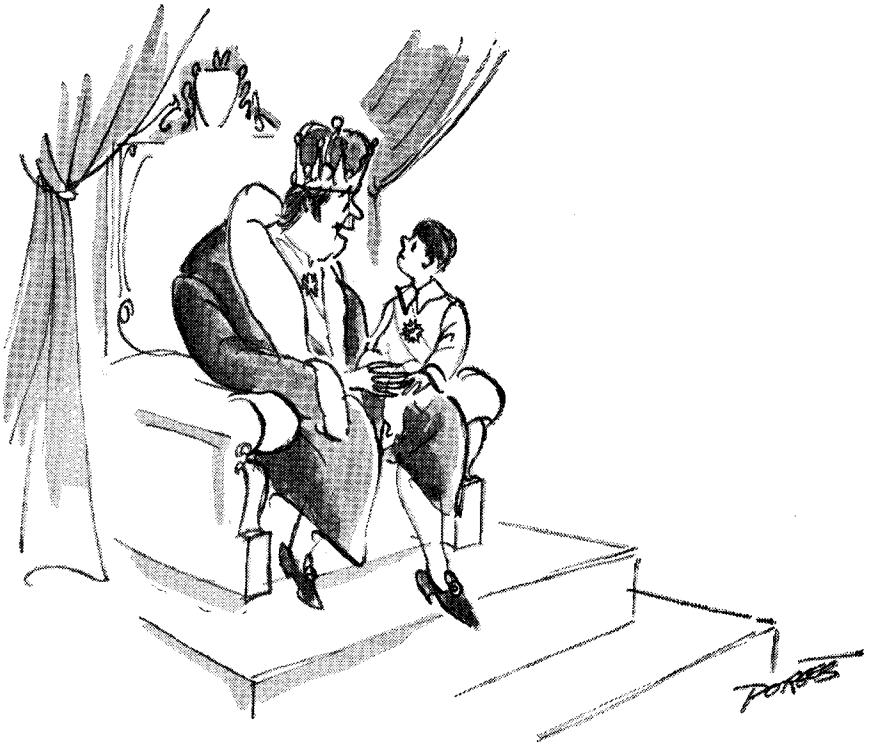
Once again an artillery barrage that lasted ten hours shook the ground to its foundations, and the guns were so near that the breech-loading was clearly audible. For two weeks the little band had eaten no bread; only a few cans of food were left; everyone was exhausted from strain, hunger, and the anxiety concerning their fate. As clouds of planes dropped bombs seemingly at random, and the thick smoke of shell fire and the stench of cadavers filled the air with sickening fumes, the isolated group of Laudiniens saw their fate tied to that of the fifty Germans—these determined fifty clinging like leeches to the last patch of Saint-Lô's mutilated soil. The liberators now opened up with everything they had; in these final hours the group of twenty-eight gave up all hope of being liberated alive. The infantry battle came nearer and nearer, and bitter hand-to-hand fighting raged up to the very door of the Menant refuge. Just as the hostages would think they were liberated, back would come the Germans, fighting like madmen.

By the early hours of July 25 the Menants and their friends perceived that their fate was even more closely linked to that of the fifty Germans than they had realized, for the Germans had apparently received orders to retreat and intended using the French refugees as a protective screen. They ordered them out of the house (Menant was to find the house burned down when he returned to town a week later), and at 4 in the morning the Germans set out up the Saint-Jean road, with Menant walking beside the machine gunner, his parents, wife, and children behind him. Following them came the others, the Aumont-Mazeline family, the Lemaitres, Monsieur Viel, and Papa Langlois—without his rabbits. German soldiers surrounded the group, warning them that the road was mined. They reached the race track as a violent artillery duel raged over their heads. The possibility of being encircled by Allied troops now presented still another form of liberation, but one which was risky to court. The artillery duel reached such a pitch that the Germans became concerned only with their own safety; this distraction enabled the French to give the Germans the slip. Finding a clear road, they went off on their own toward Sainte Suzanne. Menant and his bedraggled companions were the last civilians to cross the beautiful little Sainte Suzanne bridge before it was blown up. And, as they headed south toward Torigni, the sky was black with planes dropping thousands of bombs; the earth for miles around shook with a mighty roar. Saint-Lô had been liberated.

For the Laudiniens who came straggling back to Saint-Lô during the last few days of July and the month of August 1944, liberation meant annihilation. Ninety-one per cent of the city had been destroyed; 2,207 homes lay in ruins, under them the broken bodies of more than 700 fellow citizens. The city hall had disappeared, the Prefecture had crashed and burned, the Church of Notre-Dame was open to the sky, all the schools had collapsed; ashes and rubble blanketed the town. Saint-Lô was a dead city; crows circled about the broken stump of the church tower as though it too were a dead and rotting carcass.

So nearly total was the destruction and so hopeless did the job of clearing away the debris appear that an American officer suggested the town be rebuilt elsewhere and the sepulchral craters be preserved as a monument to the havoc of modern war. But the Normans are a tenacious and a determined people; they have a passionate devotion to the soil and, like most French-

(*Continued on page* 51)



"The Valois are connected to the Navarre, the Navarres are connected to the Tudor, the Tudors are connected to the Savoy, the Savoys are connected to the Bourbon, the Bourbons are connected. . . ."

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FEASTS

by JOHN CIARDI

My Uncle Alec's friend Dominic Cataldo
was straw boss of the treetop monkey gang
at Forest Hills, the woodpark cemetery
just at the edge of Boston. Across the street,
the North End's dead were tenemented tight
right to St. Michael's fence, stone crowding stone
and four names to a slab, but at Forest Hills,
down maple-dappled rhododendron drives,
the dead kept their suburbias lawned and sloped
to birdy hedges, brooklets, squirrel chatter,
and pheasant dells where dawn mist looked like snow.

St. Mike's looked like Pompeii on market day,
which must have looked like Prince Street excavated
after the stalls and pushcarts turned to stone
around the soot-streaked angels who froze there
in the act of reaching down to feel a melon
they never would pick up to bargain for.

The dead, like the Etruscans, kept their houses,
their neighborhoods, and their uses whole to God,
still zoned by ordinance. On Memorial Day,
a slope down from the villas of still money,
St. Mike's was at death's rush hour, the commuters
all carrying lunch and stiff wax wreaths to stone
past red-hot ice-cold hawkers. I planted pansies
I brought from home to border a last house,
prayed, ate my lunch, and spilled an orange tonic
that wet Pa's granite name, and prayed for that,
though it couldn't be a sin. I hadn't meant it.
I didn't even have another nickel
and had to drink tap water, iron-flavored.

Ma drank her tears awhile, then stilled to prayer,
then stood me by her in the receiving line,
her husband's name to her right, and sighed through
neighbors,
cousins, *paesani*, and the delegation
from the Sons of Italy with its three-foot wreath
slant-ribboned *Presidènte e fratèllo—*
Etèrno in noi il santissimo ricordo.

It was her last of wifedom, the one house
where she could stand, her husband at her side,
and welcome in the man's guests. All year long
she waited for that afternoon of graces,
once more a wife and ritual to his name
and presence. And all the loud hour on the El
and the half more on the trolley back to Medford
she sat carved straight to a found etiquette
she hadn't meant to lose, though late that night
I'd wake to hear her fear hiss through its dreams.

Still I passed Pa's grave more times than I stopped.
I spent more Sunday mornings at Forest Hills
than at St. Mike's. Which brings me to Cataldo,
to Uncle Alec, and to being bird dog
for the last organized gang of pheasant poachers
to operate within the city limits
of Boston, Mass.; a gang led by Cataldo,
a long-armed, bowlegged, broken-tooth gorilla
with a chest of hair that coiled up like black smoke
from open collar to jawbone, and who was known
through all the bellowed treetops as Sputasangue,
which means "Spitblood," and was the heave-ho cry
he gave his sweaty gangs when backs were breaking
at crowbars and at peaveys and needed a lash
to break the boulder from the sucking till
or start the felled log over.

I rang with joy
whenever Cataldo, halfway down his gallon,
turned into Sputasangue, the one artist
I ever knew to stretch a roaring curse
a full ten minutes and not run out of figures
nor use the same one twice. Religious poetry
lost a fountain the day he was kept from school
to weed his first dry ledge. The man could start
at the triune top and work the hagiography
down to St. Fish by strict anatomizings,
to frottery, battery, buggary, rape, plain mayhem,
and on to atrocious-assault-with-intent, compounded
twelve generations back and twenty forward.

He made me a bull-roarer once and showed me
how I could whirl the thing till the air shook—
Cataldo did. But Sunday nights in the kitchen
when Sputasangue smoked up from the jug,
I sat my corner and heard the vault of glory
split its stone arches and spin heaven and hell
in the avalanche of rhetoric, while Ma shook,
helpless in admiration, and Uncle Alec
bravo'd the rhapsode at the root of man,
his flowering tongues.

Cataldo died of the shakes
a dry ghost later, but while he was a man,
the goatiest Greek down from the mountain tops
could not outhowl him on God's axle-tree,
nor chop it down so sighted to a line
that it would crack a walnut but not mash it.

Being half a Greek himself, he was a thief,
which is to say, a mountain fox. Forest Hills
was stocked with ring-neck pheasants that did so badly
in what seemed perfect cover, the hatcheries
had to ship crate on crate, month after month.
Something kept getting at them. Sputasangue
would go to the headman's office with a sack
of feathers, heads, and legs found in the bottoms
where skunks had left them, and would volunteer
to gun the varmints by the Trinity,
the twelve Apostles' crooks, and Lucifer's tail,
if he had to twist it off himself.

That got him
the keys to iron gates. Sundays at dawn,
a throbbing touring car—a rusty Moon
that belonged to my Uncle Alec's friend,
Joe Pipe Dreams—
coughed through the gates. Uncle and Sputasangue
sat in the back, one shotgun left, one right.
Joe Pipe Dreams drove. I rode in front, cocked ready
whenever I got the signal, to jump out
and stuff the haul into a burlap sack.

Down in the dell, mist dreamed among the grasses
in the first light, and then a pheasant's head
would twitch up from no body like a snake
swimming but head high, half as Milton dreamed
Old Scaleskin for his cakewalk up to Eve
before God. Calvin, and William Jennings Bryan
condemned him to go crawling for the sins

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he was already damned for in Tennessee
and the one-book farms of glory.

The old moon
crawled at two miles an hour, Joe Pipe Dreams working
the spark and choke to make the thing backfire.
That flushed the birds. Then shotguns and backfiring
made one blur, till my uncle gave the word
and I went running with the burlap sack.

Our least haul was sixteen before the mist
drained to full day-ray. Later Sputasangue
would walk his traps, finish a skunk or two,
and drop it behind the greenhouse for the headman.
Then he would empty the bird sack and twist off
heads, feet, and plucks of feathers in evidence.
He didn't have to be so foxy about it,
but man's the artist of his means. Art served,
we all drove back to Medford and gluttony.

Pipe Dreams and Sputasangue didn't want birds.
Not to take home. If they had a home, and I doubt it.
They played at hen-house fox as an act of nature.
Had the headman kept chickens, they'd as soon
have saved the shotgun shells. Why waste good money?
We didn't hunt; we harvested God's hand
and lived well out of it. As for those two,
they were both bachelors married to sour wine
they reeked of, and Uncle Alec, who made his own
(in the Aladdin's cave of barrels, bottles,
Mason jars, pickled peppers, crocks of lard
with half-fried liver balls layered in to keep,
apple chests drying under hanging herbs,
sausage, and drying grapes, the stacked squashes
by sand bins for potatoes, beets, and carrots,
under the footsteps sounding from the kitchen),
drew off a bottle of his best to start them,
and another when that went dry, and then another,
while Sputasangue made it up to rhetoric,
and Ma and Aunt Cristina, back from the fields
with dandelions and mushrooms, plucked the pheasants,
worked up the ovens to roasting, and started sauces
we gorged on for two hours in steams of heaven,
then slept off like a drunk, then woke again
to gorge again the last feast not to die.

Food was the flaming altar of the house.
All Hunger's tribesmen praise God as a feast,
fear him as famine, live as they can between.
Those birds were free grace and our week-long meat.
Hens cost money and were needed to lay,
and killing one cut into capital,
but free birds and free mushrooms sent a steam
up to the holy ghost that shines on harvests.

The stinking hen house and its morning bulbs,
green-smeared by droppings, was another bin.
Another was the garden where I sweated
my spring shame at manure I scooped from streets
and hauled home in a barrow while the fiends
who were my friends leered from the fence, and Riley,
the iceman, stopped his wagon to work me over
and offer me the next plop from his nag
if I would follow him.

But the Great Bin
was Albert's farm in Marlboro, twenty miles off
on pavement and ten in ruts, but that Joe Pipe Dreams
would have driven to Anchorage for the gas plus wine.

Every crop in, or when new mushrooms sprouted,
Albert would phone, and while Uncle Alec potted,
in or out of season, God's great day
of squirrels, rabbits, and anything with wings
(a robin in spaghetti sauce was a meat ball
that didn't have to be bought), I dug potatoes,
or filled my sacks with apples, pears, and corn,
while Ma and Aunt Cristina worked moss bottoms
of rotten trunks for mushrooms. We drove back
with sacks lashed to the fenders, milk cans rattling
the cheeses Ma would make late, Uncle Alec's
blood-stained knapsack tucked under my feet—
and that was food and faith and holiday
high mounded home in incense of oregano,
basil, parsley, bay, mint, tarragon,
and oils that crisped the body and the blood
of rabbit, squirrel, and of whole small birds
whose skulls we nut-cracked for the brain's sweetmeat
when every bone was picked. Then the house clinked
its dishes and the innocent sat glad,
leftovers shelving a next day's gift of grace
from openhanded heaven, whose clenched fist
had starved the mountain hamlets back to stone
deeper than Pompeii's, whose forgotten tongue
they twisted and still spoke for Heaven's
unanswering name; till sweating at their sacks
stuffed with the last of nothing, they went steerage
to heavens whose last gate was St. Michael's slum—
itself a heaven to which no man went starved.

I diet in suburbias past the dead
on checkbook lo-cal, or, a jet away,
pick at my sirloin among signing angels
who skip potatoes for a third martini.
Poor Alec's ninety-four and has religion
in both bad legs. He lives on the third floor
of what God left him, where he prays to God
to call him in before his legs give out.
I offered to pay the first floor rent to spare him
those flights of stairs. He gummed a dunked *biscotto*
and shook his head too late a world away.
Those stairs were the one challenge time had left him.
His whined prayers were the tendons of his climb,
his diet of last dusts before the dead,
half dead already.

And still I had had my first
hound pup and shotgun from his living hand,
who lived beyond himself, locked forty years
in the shop under the El on Causeway Street,
but climbed his foxy Sundays to the feast
of God's permission to man's appetite,
and cheered on the bull-roarer in his power.

And were I God, and he back in My dust,
and I, in the infinity of My whim,
could give him back his prayers or appetites,
but not both—oh, as foxy as the foxes
I made of My own nature, I'd rig his answer
against the palsied maunder of his end
and send him back to Sunday in his power
over the gift-wrapped morning of the world
to its daylong feast and night-roar up from wine—
my man of plenty, ritual to his friends,
and honored home and hale, safe in the garden
that flowered forever, till it wasn't there.

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Books and Transplants

Medical scientists today are developing techniques through which virtually every vital part of the human body can be replaced. They are also devising tests for determining potential weaknesses of vital organs so that new organs can be installed before trouble develops. There is even talk that the brain, or portions thereof, may be replaceable.

Phenomenal though these advances may be, they still fall short of an already existing non-medical technique for increasing longevity. A simple system now makes possible an incredible enlargement of human life. This system goes by the name of a book. Through it, one can live hundreds of lifetimes in one. What is more, he may enjoy fabulous options. He can live in any age of his choosing. He can take possession of any experience. He can live inside the mind of any man who has recorded an interesting thought, any man who has opened up new sluices of knowledge, any man who has engaged in depths of feeling or awareness beyond the scope of most mortals. This is what good books are all about.

A personal digression. I once knew a man who had lived at least 6,000 years. His name was M. E. Tracy and he was blind. The fact of his blindness had something to do with his ability to make the lives of others as much a part of his own experience as anything that happened to him in the act of living. He had mastered the art of reading to a degree I have seldom encountered before or since. His inability to see not only did not impair or interfere with his access to books but actually enhanced his intellectual vision, for he was able to perceive fully the reality of the things he read about.

For many people, what happens in their own lifetime has the bite of reality. What happened prior to their lifetime is someone else's reality. The present engages their passions; the past may engage nothing more than their curiosity. The difference between the two is the despair of anyone who writes history.

M. E. Tracy's mind was unencumbered by distinctions based on direct observation or chronology. Past and present came to him through the same fingertips. Whether he read the day's newspapers or Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War*, he had the same full flush of living recognition. He could become as excited about the struggles that animated or rent the lives in Plutarch as he could in reading a contemporary study of Franklin D. Roosevelt or Mahatma Gandhi. He was blind but had no blind spots. Perception transcended vision.

It is not within everyone's capacity to develop such heightened awareness; Tracy's gift and his affliction were inseparable. But anyone who can read can learn how to read deeply and thus live more fully. The way a book is read —which is to say, the qualities a reader brings to a book—can have as much to do with its worth as anything the author puts into it. A writer may spend two days working on a single paragraph so that the words will turn just right, enabling the reader not just to get the drift of a narrative but to become immersed in it.

I have the strongest feelings against capital punishment, but I am tempted to make an exception in the case of those who have been pushing speed reading to preposterous lengths. There are times when it is more important to read slowly than quickly. Yes, yes, I know: the speedsters claim that they are as much concerned with sense and comprehension as they are with facility. This misses the point. The purpose of reading is not to gobble up the words—even though the reader can afterward itemize his intake from memory—but to experience a mood, to meander through thoughts touched off by an idea, to provide food for the imagination. What makes the present emphasis on rapid reading all the more baleful is that it occurs in the context of an age that worships speed. The consciousness needs the kind of breather the book can provide. It is absurd to say that the speed-readers, if tested, will be able to give everything back. This is not reading; it is regurgitation. What speed-readers too often can't give back is the beauty of a line or the melody of a thought. Water turns to steam with but one degree of additional heat. Many speed-readers constantly fall short of that one degree that turns fact into meaning or a narrative into a living experience.

I do not argue against the development of a man's reading skills in order to manage more information in less time. I do, however, argue against the tendency to scan rather than savor when savoring is the most vital ingredient in the transmission of meaning. Certainly the ability to dwell inside the mind of another man or to have a total transference of emotion or experience is minimized and cheapened by the race against the clock.

Any life, however long, is too short if the mind is bereft of splendor, the passions underworked, the memories sparse, and the imagination unlit by radiant musings. Longevity by itself is indistinguishable from vegetation. A man can acquire a new pancreas, kidney, liver, heart, bone marrow, and lung, but he will succumb to boredom if his mind is without a horizon.

The book is no substitute for experience. But neither is experience a substitute for the book. The growth of the human mind is still high adventure, in many ways the highest adventure on earth. And nothing is more characteristic of that growth than the transmission of vital thought and experience from one person to another and from one generation to another.

What is most attractive of all, of course, about the kind of transplantation made possible by books is that it can be done without anesthesia, all assertions by literary critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

—N. C.

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Letters to the Editor

Diminished Man's Right Hand

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH has given a masterly summary of the reasons for the student revolt in his article "The Revolt of the Diminished Man" [*SR*, June 7]. His concluding statement would be quite true, were the university engaged only in the quest for truth and knowledge. And here is where Mr. MacLeish has missed the crux of the revolt of the students.

It is not only the irrelevance of curriculums to life in the twentieth century, but the hypocrisy of universities attempting to show the way to an understanding and appreciation of life while secretly engaged in research designed to help the U. S. Government forge more efficient means of grinding underdeveloped peoples into the dust, e.g., chemical warfare, germ warfare, biological warfare, defoliants. All these multitudinous horrors were discovered by scientists in university laboratories under government grants that the university finds too profitable to resist. "Let not thy left hand know what they right hand doeth."

This continued preoccupation with money and power, no matter what the cost in humanity, has turned the young against their elders; they have discerned the hollowness of loudly proclaimed values and the shifting sands of integrity. Today's college students have returned to the ideals of our nation's earliest great citizens. These are the ideals which have been preached to them, but never practiced. To maintain his own self-respect, the idealistic youth can do no less than demand a change of direction in the university's conduct of its affairs; this the university must do if it is to maintain the respect of its students.

MRS. MAY O. MASTRONARDO,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Alternative to Safeguard

I READ JOEL LARUS's article "Nuclear Accidents and the ABM" [*SR*, May 31] with a great deal of interest. Recently I proposed before the Senate what I hope is a balanced and constructive alternative to the President's Safeguard system. The plan included:

1) No deployment of the weapons in the system now;

2) No future deployment without congressional review and agreement;

3) Continued research and development of the radar and computers at two sites so that we can test the integration of the system.

It is my belief that this proposal will not intensify the arms race; would help us secure an effective arms limitation agreement; seek to answer the hardest questions about the system's workability; and preserve our ability to meet in time any clear Soviet threat to the strategic balance in the 1970s.

My proposal would also help avoid the possibility of accidental firings of the ABM system.

I am hoping that my plan may attract the support of many, many Americans, both those who oppose ABM and those who favor it.

THOMAS J. MCINTYRE,
United States Senator,
New Hampshire.

Federal Architecture

THE SELECTION by Wolf Von Eckardt in "The Sad State of Federal Architecture" [*SR*, June 7] of the Housing and Urban Development Building in Washington as an example of architecture to reflect dignity and enterprise of government certainly shows limited consideration of a building's merits. The architectural integrity of a building rests not only in its prizewinning drawing board design or in its curvilinear illusion interpreted by a distant camera's lens angle, but in how it looks to the naked eye at a distance and angle from which it is commonly seen, how it fits into its surroundings, and how it wears with its habitual users. The Housing and Urban Development Building, as seen from neighboring buildings, loses its gestalt effect as a giant impressionist painting might if viewed in a broom closet.

Nor has the building worn well with its users. An inadequate parking garage that was designed for European compact cars, a web of look-alike windows staring out from undifferentiated interior cells, and a ground floor entry of raw concrete that suggests the dignity and enterprise of the Stone Age, makes this building a candidate for urban redevelopment in the next decade.

Von Eckardt's argument that federal architecture is drab and ugly because the General Services Administration "fends off esthetes" and operates beyond the reach of public intervention is both popular and appealing, but does not begin to take into account the complexity of federal government decision-making or the present state of institutional architecture in general. The pluralistic pressures of Congress and the Administration, the simultaneous public outcry for more government economy and more government services, the disagreement among leading architects on "the finest contemporary architectural thought," all these suggest that not enough intervention has been fended off.

A review of the drab and ugly non-government buildings that are being mass-produced in our cities, and the inept planning of the cities in which buildings are to be placed would lead one to believe that federal architecture is no worse, but agreed no better, than the state of the art in general.

DONALD R. CALVERT,
Arlington, Va.

"All right you invented fire and the wheel but what have you done lately?"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Re: ACT

SAN FRANCISCO.

IT IS ALWAYS heartening to revisit the American Conservatory Theatre. Because of its constant dedication to the expansion of its actors' talents, ACT productions abound with a joyous sense of challenge. The company is a little like a versatile orchestra in which every musician can play several instruments. And the switching of instruments turns each performance into an adventure.

Typical is director William Ball's staging of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*. ACT rushes into the play at a refreshingly spirited pace. The actors can't wait to get at it, and their eagerness is contagious. An immediate relationship between the sisters is established. The oldest and plainest, Olga, is a neurotic who passes on her frustrations and illusions to the youngest, the childish and impressionable Irina. But the middle sister, Masha, can regard the other two with a critical eye, because she has had to face her own empty marriage.

Grotesque comedy is created out of this and the play's other painful realities. Chebutykin, the senile doctor, can't keep his hands off Irina. Tusenbach is a stupid, grinning ape, an apparition from a play by Samuel Beckett. And the handsome Vershinin is a rapid-talking fool. Indeed, the whole menagerie is so impossible that the ultimate departure of Vershinin, and the shooting of Tusenbach by Solyony comes as a blessing.

The outstanding performance is Michael Larned as Masha. This sensitive and lovely actress expresses the deep emotional tragedy of a woman whose need to be in love is so strong that she doesn't notice the shallowness of the man she has chosen. Miss Larned has a particularly splendid moment when she laughs at her husband's effort to entertain, only to use the laugh as a means of projecting herself into a deeper cry of pain.

Angela Paton's uncompromising Olga, Kitty Winn's hysterical Irina, and Ken Ruta's embarrassed Vershinin fit the production scheme nicely. But more interesting is the casting of some of the other roles with actors physically very different from their roles. Good-looking Paul Shenar is wonderfully ugly as Tusenbach. Warm Carol Mayo Jenkins is pretentiously elegant as Natasha. Vigorous Harry Frazier is pedantic as Kulygin. And high-strung Jay Doyle is frequently striking as the complacent brother who subdues his inner desperation. Certainly, a more ideal casting of these roles might have more gracefully fulfilled the play. But Ball's calculated gamble works well enough and has the advantage of serving ACT's long-range purpose.

The production is fast-moving and lively even though it sacrifices a certain amount of elegiac richness and mood. Nevertheless, it has so much theatricality and perceptiveness that we are swept past less effective spots.

One could make a somewhat similar observation about Ball's direction of Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. For here again the elegiac quality is less powerful than it was in the New York production. Yet, at almost any given moment the play is more entertaining to the audience.

Philip Kerr's Guildenstern and James Milton's Rosencrantz seem a sort of upgraded Laurel and Hardy, and Christopher Payne's Player King is very unpretentious and detached. Just as Stoppard was having fun with *Hamlet* when he wrote the play, so too Ball unabashedly exploits the use of farcical device and tour de force. The audience wildly applauds the word game, as if it were a fast ping-pong match. And most inventive is the moment in which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern eavesdrop on Claudius and Polonius eavesdropping on Hamlet and Ophelia.

As outrageous as some of the devices are, they do serve the play, because they all contribute to this production's central vision: two clowns absurdly caught up in events beyond their ability to understand or cope with.

ACT also likes to import guest directors. Gower Champion has staged Feydeau's *A Flea in Her Ear* with the company earlier this year. And last month Edwin Sherin, fresh from his Drama Desk Award-winning staging of *The Great White Hope* on Broadway came here to direct the world premiere of *Glory! Hallelujah!* a new play by Anna Marie Barlow.

As it turns out, this was an ideal choice, for Miss Barlow's realistic chronicle of the Civil War benefits greatly from Sherin's visually splendid totally committed staging that flows poetically from scene to scene. Because it is an ensemble effort, it is difficult to single out individual performances. However, Mark Bramhall, as a brave soldier who is sickened by blood, David Dukes as a sensitive doctor, and Kitty Winn as a shy Southern belle are all memorable.

The action of the play is fairly predictable, the author's anti-war attitude being fairly obvious. Yet, the scenes are well constructed, and, in a ritualistic way, the experiencing of the story is emotionally fulfilling.

"IF YOU HAVE JUST ONE SHOW TO SEE ON BROADWAY ...MAKE IT THIS ONE."
—Clive Barnes, New York Times

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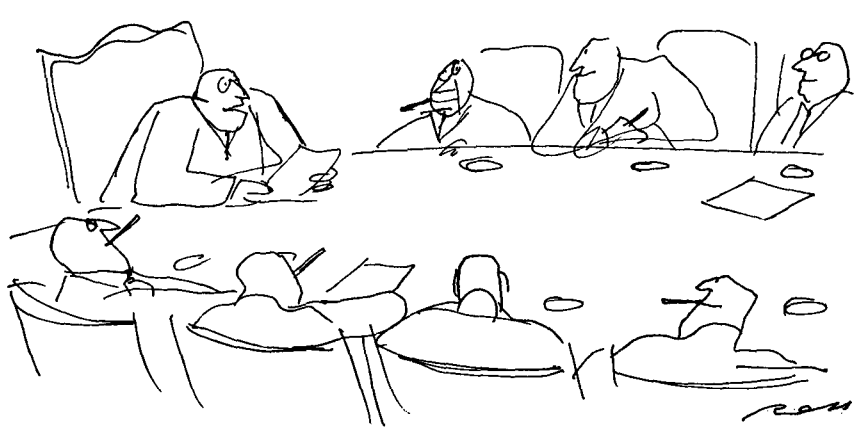

"Gentlemen, I for one accept the challenge of giving the moon its first Levittown."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Violence Flares Anew

THERE ARE, at the very least, two ways of looking at violence. On the one hand, there is shock. Someone does something horrible to somebody else—stabs, mutilates, shoots in cold blood—and the immediate instinct is to protest, especially if it happens in a movie. The film is setting bad examples for our youth, it is growing calluses on our consciences, it is making us all too accustomed to the sight of easy death. The other approach is to recognize that violence lies all about us and go to such extremes in depicting it that the viewer is ultimately revolted and turns against it in any manifestation.

Obviously, the film-maker who chooses to walk the uneasy line between these two extremes is sticking his neck out pretty far. Either he can make violence palatable—as so frequently happens in movies and TV—and be accused of pandering to the mob, or he can show violence in all its gory, brutal, terrifying aspects, and also be accused of pandering to the mob.

I would prefer to believe that Sam Peckinpah, the co-author and director of *The Wild Bunch*, was sincere when he stated that he wanted to make a picture so strong, so stomach-churning, so detailed in its catalogue of horrors that all the glamour, all the attraction of violence for its own sake would promptly disappear. I think he is wrong, but I very much doubt that anyone who was not totally honest in his wrongheadedness could ever come up with a picture as wholly revolting as this.

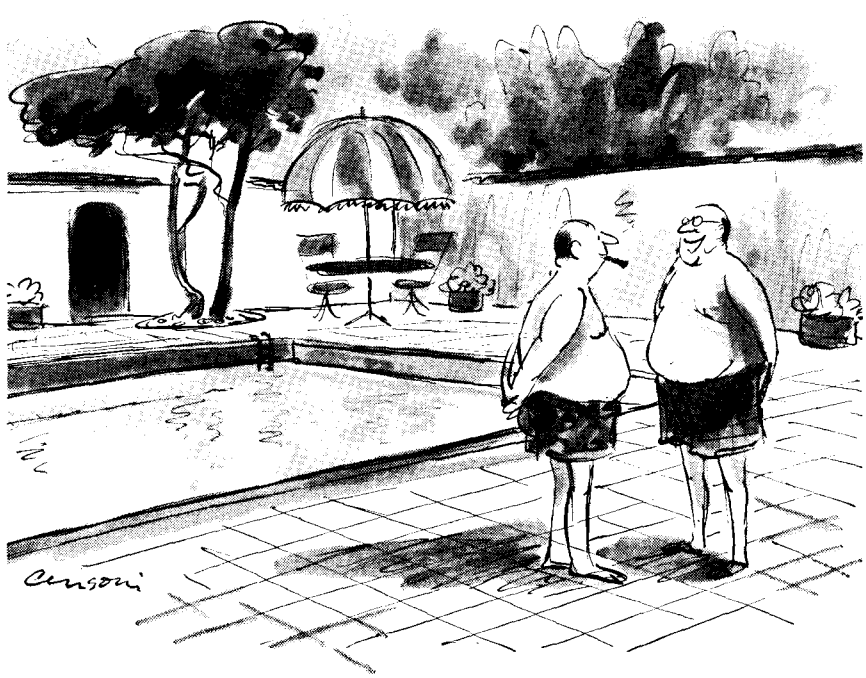
The setting is Mexico about the time of World War I. A group of U.S. Army irregulars—William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, Warren Oates—decide to take advantage of the country's revolutionary upheavals to feather their own nests. The gun is the law, and they happen to be very handy with guns, as they demonstrate repeatedly in the film's more than two hours' playing time. The slow motion rat-a-tat-tat of death, used so effectively at the climax of *Bonnie and Clyde*, here follows every fusillade with blood, brains, and bits of flesh spraying out of each victim. Never before on the screen has the image of death appeared quite so unlovely.

But there is a law of diminishing return even in movie violence. As faces explode repeatedly into pools of gore, as hands clutch convulsively at perforated bellies, as men tumble from their horses in a writhing mass under machine gun fire, the film begins to lose its effectiveness. One can grasp in abstract the abominable enormity of war—the dozens or the hundreds lost in a mop-up operation in Vietnam, for example. But when the movies attempt to show violent killing in detail, the mind turns against the fact of death and toward the mechanics that produced it. And, curiously, one comes away convinced that the director was also more concerned with the mechanics than with the fact. Every member of *The Wild Bunch* is so thoroughly hateful and corrupt as to richly deserve the fate that Peckinpah has in store for him—but I suspect that Peckinpah feels that so does all mankind.

Violence of another, more fashionable kind is to be found in Mark Robson's *Daddy's Gone-a-Hunting*. Robson is a graduate of the fondly remembered Val Lewton school of horror film-making, where the agony is produced by suggestion and implication rather than through recurrent shots of bloody corpses. In this tingling melodrama, Carol White has had an extramarital affair with a young psycho, Scott Hylands; it ends after an abortion. When later she marries a rising politician, Paul Burke, and bears his child, Hylands comes back into her life to demand that she kill the baby in expiation for what he regards as a murder. It is a classic situation: The mother is unable to tell her husband for fear of harming his career, and the artful villain plays upon this knowledge to drive her slowly up the wall. A strictly nonpartisan black cat is also on hand to lend a touch of the supernatural to the proceedings.

All would be well if we could muster some modicum of belief in the psycho, some iota of concern for the errant wife and her square, square husband. The Larry Cohen-Lorenzo Semple, Jr., script provides all the clues; Robson has forgotten nothing from his tutelage at Lewton's talented knee.

The cast, however, is lacking in every respect. Carol White, who wrung hearts in *Poor Cow*, can barely wring hands as the unlikely San Francisco matron, and Paul Burke, a refugee from television, walks through the piece as if uncertain just how the role will be edited next week. Hylands, obviously a competent actor, has neither the maturity nor the forcefulness to create an adequate menace. All of which suggests that director Robson was more concerned with his thrills than his thespians, not realizing that if the audience does not respond to the actors, it will not become very deeply involved with the action. Peckinpah was so deeply involved with his theme that he lost sight of its ultimate effect; likewise Robson with his technique. Personally, repellent as the film may be, I prefer the former.



"Since I've stopped smoking I can do a lap and a half."

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

The Royal Swedish Ballet's new production of Robbins's "Les Noces," with Kerstin Lidström as the Bride—"an earthy, lusty urgency."

Swedish Ballet Triumph

STOCKHOLM.

"I LOVE THEM," said Jerome Robbins. "And they love him," said James Moore, Robbins's assistant in restaging Robbins ballets. The "they" are the dancers of the Royal Swedish Ballet. What brought on this love affair in aggregate was a new production of Robbins's superlative choreographic realization of Stravinsky's *Les Noces* rehearsed by Moore and polished by Robbins in preparation for the opening program in this summer's ballet festival in the Royal Opera House. "They never wanted to stop rehearsing," said Moore. On opening night, the audience led by the royal family's balletomane, Princess Christina, didn't want to stop applauding.

The Swedish triumph in an immensely difficult American creation (Robbins did it first for the American Ballet Theatre) was due not only to the dancers but to the man behind the dancers, Erik Bruhn, the unequaled *premier danseur noble* of our day, a Dane, who is starting his third year as director of the Royal Swedish Ballet. In a way, the Swedes got *Les Noces* by default, for the Royal Danish Ballet—it has Robbins's *Fanfare* in its repertory—goofed on an offer of *Les Noces*, and so the Danish Bruhn leaped to get a masterpiece for his Swedish charges. "Jerry," says Bruhn, "wasn't very interested in doing a work for an 'opera ballet' company. I just asked him to come and look at the dancers. He did. We got it." And the reason is clear: Bruhn, in two years, has transformed an opera ballet group into a first-rate ballet company.

The Swedes, with an ancient ballet heritage going back to the days of Queen Christina, with a vigorous modern dance movement, with strong dance creators, somehow let its ballet at the Royal Opera slip. Bruhn, clearly, has changed all this. By the simple matter of increasing dance class periods from one hour to one hour and a half (the usual time), he has cut down on muscle and tendon injuries in a cold climate. New teachers on the faculty have introduced the best training methods for a centuries-old technique. The annual students' demonstration, scheduled for one showing, was given nineteen times by popular request, for the youngsters in the Royal School, after illustrating classroom ballet, invited children from the audience on stage and taught them the steps then and there. This in itself has produced results. Says Bruhn, "In the past, only two, three, or four Swedish boys would audition for entrance into the Royal Ballet School. This year, we had twenty-four boys."

Any problems? "Yes, being a Dane in Sweden!" For as travelers learn, the Danes and the Swedes, though really cousins, don't like each other very much. But they are beginning to come around to Bruhn, although much of the Swedish press gave him a rough time. After *Les Noces*, one Swede grudgingly admitted, "Well, now we can begin to see what Bruhn is after." What Bruhn is after, once the Royal Swedish Ballet wins international acceptance—which it has never had and which it now deserves—is to make Sweden itself an international ballet center, not chauvinistically Swedish in that all dancers and choreographers should be natives, but a world-recognized "center for ballet on Swedish soil and providing opportunity for Swedish artists."

With *Les Noces*, Bruhn is well under way. His Swedish charges performed it brilliantly, quite as well as the American Ballet Theatre dancers do it but with a difference. The Swedes dance it with a thrust, a bite, a power of attack, an earthy, lusty urgency that makes the viewer feel that although the dancers are confined, choreographically, to the stage, their energies pour over the footlights and into our consciousness, rather like a primeval transfusion. And this is important, for *Les Noces* is an ageless, nongeographic ritual in which the survival of a community depends upon recurrent mating.

Oddly enough, the Swedes, who are the most formal of all Scandinavians, seem to identify with ancient, almost savage, ritual. As they dance *Les Noces* (with impressive décor of monoliths by Sean Kenny), one has the eerie feeling that deep within they believe in the survival of the fittest, that the weakling must go. Yet, in the savagery of this communal celebration of a nuptial rite, expressions of rough tenderness are to be found in the relationships of individuals. This

—Photos by Rydberg, Royal Theater.

"Giselle," with Berit Sköld in the title role—"evocative of the Romantic Age of Ballet."

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unique awareness of primitive forces reminded me of a performance I saw here a decade ago when the company danced in Leonide Massine's *Le Sacre du printemps* (Stravinsky), but here too, in this very inferior pre-Bruhn age, they found an identity with primal dynamisms.

Under Bruhn, however, they are equally good in gentler works. Bruhn has staged for the Swedes a *Giselle* that is one of the best in the world, and since every region in the world, with the possible exception of Tierra del Fuego, has its version of *Giselle*, this is no mean compliment. Bruhn's staging, with marvelous sets and costumes by Desmond Heeley, is close to that which David Blair produced (on the basis of the Coralli-Perrot-Petipa ballet) for the American Ballet Theatre. Bruhn adds, however, that he used the Blair version as it was adapted for ABT's movie of *Giselle*, not yet released.

Heeley's first act is in lovely autumnal colors, setting a golden harvest-time mood. His second act is dense, wooded marshlands where you would expect to glimpse a will-o'-the-wisp. And you do indeed, for you hear the wilis first in the Adam score and then you sense their presence. Is that one of them almost hidden by a bush? Is that another who rises like a ghostly sentinel mingled with mist and moonlight? This is a visually perfect *Giselle*. But what of the dancing? Berit Sköld, who might well have stepped out of a lithograph of Carlotta Grisi, the first Giselle, was utterly lovely, with fine elevation, clean and

(*Continued on page* 51)

The superb Anna Laerkesen and Palle Jacobsen of the Royal Danish Ballet were guest stars with the Royal Swedish Ballet in "Moon Reindeer"—"closely related to their own folklore."

Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Notes from a Wayfaring Ranger

PARIS: The debate rages on. Not whether Pompidou should open the Common Market to Great Britain. Not whether the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier should be removed from beneath the Arch of Triumph so that traffic can flow through the grand pillars. (The old veterans won't stand for it anyway.) Perhaps the debate rages only in my mind: Who are the more attractive, Parisian or London women?

At sidewalk cafés and on foot, I staked out the Champs Elysées, Boulevards St. Germain and St. Michel until my eyes and heart had room for none but the local brand, and somehow three days later I had scarcely cleared customs at London's Heathrow Airport when the odds were even again. What makes the choice impossible is that Parisian and London women differ as markedly from each other as, well, the Tuileries and St. James's Park. Why choose? Love need not confine.

Generally, I find Parisian women more intriguing, London women more intrinsically beautiful. In Paris they walk in pairs, often arm on arm, paying attention to nothing else but whatever is making them laugh and talk so animatedly, so privately.

The French do not bow to social orthodoxy. I remember how puzzled I was to walk into a discothèque in Deauville and observe a dance floor almost wholly occupied by male couples, while several pretty young girls sat in the shadows and watched. On further scrutiny it was clear that some of the girls had come with dates, others in groups, but because they lacked the numbers and perhaps the stamina to keep up a 50-50 tally on the dance floor, the boys flailed away without them. In an unprecedented move, I joined the (almost) all-male act with a French friend named Lucien, whose eyes are only for women but who would never pass up a chance to rock. Neither of us felt as liberated as the free-swinging crowd on the floor, so we did our thing in an aisle by the table.

Another night in another Norman town, I was dancing with an American —a woman this time—when a young Frenchman cut in. I was baffled. Such a dancehall maneuver I had not dealt with since eighth grade. As I started to withdraw, he waved me into action and we all proceeded *à trois*. He had no intention of cutting me out.

In the face of a universal movement toward longer and longer hair you have to admire the French girls who cling to the pixie style. I don't know if they borrowed it from Ingrid Bergman in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or from Jean Seberg in *Joan of Arc*, but on the right face it looks adorable, and on the wrong face it looks courageous. Admittedly the smaller and more delicate French features are better adapted to the pixie; it is not recommended for lovely American amazons.

French hemlines seem to be leveling off not far above the knee, but in England the rise continues unchecked. Even in small English towns far from King's Road, skirts seldom dip below mid-thigh; whereas girls in the French provinces, or in Normandy at any rate, have resisted the upward advance. If Parisian women indulge in any sartorial extravagance, it is their habit of wearing blouses and sweaters so tight as to appear unsanforized. "The idea," I was told by an American girl living in Paris, "is to see how close they can come to bursting the buttons."

DEAUVILLE: In the 1920s it was the ultimate in seaside *chic*, a magnet for millionaires, kings, and shahs, but today Deauville attracts the merely rich —or tries to. "Only the upper class," was the answer I received every time I asked an *hôtelier* or restaurateur what kind of clientele he favors, and yet little by little the Normandy resort has been given over to popular middle-class devices such as swimming pools, golf courses, tennis courts, and, most recently, three discothèques.

None of this has removed the sheen from the casinos (one for winter, one for summer), the massive, half-timbered hotels, or the two race tracks (to which the truly upper class flocked in the Twenties). "We cannot expect to attract only the rich," a Deauville tourist official confided. "That day is gone. You see, there are no rich left in the world. Taxes are too high."

July and August remain the resort's peak months, but even then a room is not hard to find. The three main hotels —controlled by a syndicate which also operates the casinos, swimming pool, and golf club—house 1,200 of Deauville's 1,500 rentable rooms; full pension runs about $40. Doubles, however, can be found for as low as $4 in the comfortable old rooming houses. In late May the town looked as deserted as it must have been in the early 1940s when the Normandy Hotel alone stayed open to accommodate its unwelcome guests—the German command. On late

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spring nights the sumptuous Louis XVI casino plays to a near-empty house, and by day the boutiques bearing the names Cartier, Hermes, Dior, and Patou stand unattended on silent streets.

Deauville has been assured at least a minor invasion by the Beautiful People with the construction of a $10,000 thatch-roof house on a nearby hillside. Brigitte Bardot intends to move in as soon as the last hunk of thatch, imported from Holland, is in place. From the road that leads past her house (and a small guest cottage), Miss Bardot will be able to look down into a broad green valley trodden only by indifferent cattle. Lucien, my devilish companion, plucked a piece of straw from the roof above Miss Bardot's *chambre à coucher* and presented it to me as a souvenir of . . . the Netherlands.

BAGNOLES-DE-L'ORNE: Health spas, too, have slipped in favor, but as long as there exist people with circulatory maladies and/or a yen for clean piney air, Bagnoles will continue to fill its sixty-odd hotels. Tourists motoring to and from Mont St. Michel find Bagnoles, 140 miles west of Paris, a handy overnight stop. Set in the heart of a 5,000-acre forest only 60 miles from the channel, the little spa breathes a heady scent of pine and iodine. On a warm sunlit day in May it seemed immune to the fickle Norman weather.

There is little to hold the restive traveler a second day, other than the omnipresent casino, which was plunked down beside a picturesque pond forty years ago by an heir to Jay Gould, the robber baron. Jacques Guiral, owner of the Bois Joli hotel in Bagnoles, told the story as though recounting a legend. He said the younger Gould became so incensed at being turned away from a big hotel that was taken up by the King of Rumania and his retinue that he returned a year later and built his own, La Résidence du Lac.

One needn't be suffering from phlebitis or varicose veins to take the waters of Bagnoles. I was up at 7 one fine morning and on the corner to catch a minibus bearing mostly middle-aged and older French people to the baths. In Bagnoles one quickly adjusts to observing patients, in bathrobes and slippers, making their way along shady streets and over quaint bridges to the morning cure. New to the magic, I half expected to enjoy a blend of Roman and Japanese bathing administered by robust Norman milkmaids, but the whole experience turned out to be strictly YMCA, down to the institutional green walls and long, pipe-lined corridors. My maid was a heavyweight named Gaston. He showed me to a narrow anteroom with a big white bathtub, peeked in once to adjust the water temperature, and otherwise left me soaking in what felt suspiciously like simple H_2O. In fifteen minutes I was dried, dressed, and on my way down the dim hallway.

Le Lutetia is a pleasant, unpretentious hotel whose cuisine excels because the owner happens to be an instructor and judge of would-be chefs. Of course some palates can't adjust to certain Norman specialities, no matter how expertly prepared. No question, the Normands get the most out of the animal, whether it be stomach lining (*tripes*), bone marrow (*moelle*), or intestine-stuffed sausage from the town of Vire (*andouille*).

LONDON: I can think of few major cities where a tourist is less likely to be bilked than London, and yet I got stung in the first hour. At the East End airline terminal I was waiting in line for a cab, anticipating that rich and noble London experience, when a little white sedan pulled up at my feet, like a brash white sheep among the black. Climbing in, I asked the shaggy young driver if the absence of a meter up front meant I was going to be charged anything but the going rate. He nodded assuredly, all the while beckoning to an attractive fare (lank hair, short skirt) waiting on the curb. She refused and climbed into a conventional cab.

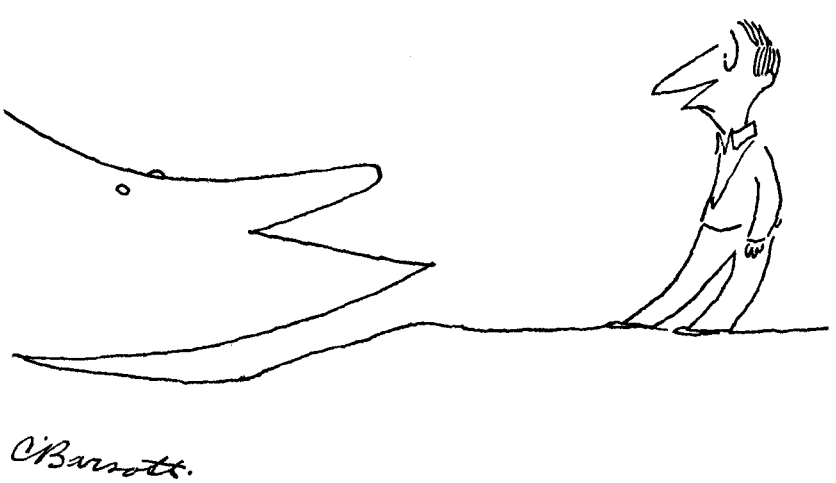
On the way to Grosvenor Square I was treated to an unsolicited travelogue. At the hotel, he hopped out and asked for an amount that I calculated to be roughly twice the normal tab. It was very late, I was tired, and my abacus might have been malfunctioning, so I handed over the exact amount. He telegraphed his guilt in the next moment when he failed to pause for a tip, and was off. Reflexively I went for my pencil and just as reflexively he backed the car out of the driveway, lights shining in my face, to cut down the chance of surrendering his license number. Or so I deduced. I got the number anyway but misplaced it overnight. I record this event merely to warn others against these night riders in white. British Travel says they are slowly being cleared from the road. British Travel also says that 20 per cent more American tourists are visiting the United Kingdom this year and that a midsummer hotel room will be a rare find indeed.

HAMPSTEAD: Residents of this North London village regard it as a more genuinely artistic settlement than Chelsea. Certainly it was when Dr. Johnson, and later Keats, Stevenson, Galsworthy, and du Maurier were home. Johnson's open-air hut has been reconstructed amidst blazing gardens beside the Kenwood House. In the house, an eighteenth-century Robert Adam creation, is a fine Rembrandt self-portrait, a Vermeer, and two full-length Gainsboroughs among others.

The house where Keats lived in 1819 and 1820 has been handsomely restored and stocked with such tender memorabilia as locks of Fanny Brawne's hair and a gold brooch in the form of a Greek lyre with the strings made of Keats's hair. Tenderest of all are his handwritten words, in poems and letters he wrought during those two productive but painful years. Near the front door there stands a newly planted plum tree at the spot where he sat one morning and in two or three hours of furious composition penned the "Ode to a Nightingale."

I like best his letters to Miss Brawne. He was twenty-five and dying then, frustrated by their unconsummated love. "Dearest girl, I endeavor as much as I can to entice you to give up your whole heart to me. Whole, whole existence hangs upon you. You could not step or move an eyelid but it would shoot to my heart. I am greedy of you."

—D.B.



"I'm the earth and I'm going to swallow you up."

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An essay review of "Selected Letters of E. E. Cummings," edited by F. W. Dupee and George Stade (Harcourt, Brace & World, 296 pp., $8.95)

Quirky Communications From an Exuberant Unhero

by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

George Bernard Shaw, in answer to the charge that his celebrated romance with Ellen Terry existed only on paper, replied that "only on paper has humanity achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue, and abiding love." Shaw himself, like Keats, Shelley, Byron, and in our own time Robert Frost, was one of the great letter-writers. The appearance of the *Selected Letters of E. E. Cummings* raises the hope that one more poet may be added to that company. But Cummings, though a prolific correspondent, was far from a great one. Conversational, quick-witted and candid, he was rarely moving and even more rarely profound.

F. W. Dupee and George Stade recognize this. In a disarming foreword they say that "Cummings seems not to have regarded letter-writing as either a conscious art or a vehicle for any urgent confessional impulse. . . . he seldom soars to any heights of sustained introspection or plunges into any depths of mere personal scandal, about himself or anyone else." The result is an exact rather than an exciting record, with only vague indications of the ecstasies and "dooms of love" sounded in the poetry.

The letters trace a sketchy but fairly full autobiography, beginning with four lines to his grandmother written at the age of five and ending with a chatty letter to an Israeli teacher dated a few months before Cummings's death at sixty-eight. He details his life at Harvard, where he specialized in Greek, wrote poems, and formed close friendships with John Dos Passos, Scofield Thayer, S. Foster Damon, M. R. Werner, and James Sibley Watson. He tells how, during World War I, he joined an ambulance corps and sailed for France, where he was arrested, along with William Slater Brown (whom he had met on shipboard), when a French censor grew suspicious of Brown's letters home and Cummings refused to disassociate himself from a man who became his lifelong friend. The experience led to the writing of *The Enormous Room*, that dateless masterpiece of reportage. There are side comments, if not complete accounts, on Cummings's subsequent travels in Europe, his three marriages, his life in Greenwich Village, the awards, prizes, and fellowships he received, his paintings, the publication of some fifteen volumes of poems, plays, drawings, a journal of a trip to Russia, and "nonlectures."

The book would have benefited greatly from additional explanatory notes (some of the context could stand considerable amplification) or a more stringent selection. There are upwards of eighty letters to Cummings's family and, though they are informative, affectionate, and sometimes amusing, they are almost without distinction; I cannot imagine anyone except a doggedly determined researcher ever reprinting them. The letters to friends are far more rewarding, especially those to William Slater Brown, M. R. Werner, James Sibley, Hildegarde Watson, and, most exuberantly, to Ezra Pound—thirty-two communications that combine praise with parody in take-offs of *il miglior fabbro*'s epistolary quirkiness.

What of the character revealed in the letters? First, the debit side: the coddled affectations, the third-person stance (Cummings loved to speak of himself as "our unhero"), the cuteness in spelling and capitalization, the mannered Brooklynese or low-brow lingo ("dese," "dat," "youze," "bruddurs," "soitnly"), the bombast, the

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interminable foreign-language interjections (such as the trilingual "Ich glaube nel instinct"), the self-conscious attitudinizing which culminated in class élitism. The soldiers on the ship that took him to France were "beef-slobbering, soup-guzzling, khaki-breasted muckers." Others who went with him are "ginks, slobs, and punks." The Americans in Paris "are the most abhorrent human tripe ever spilled from the swill-can tout et seul."

Cummings thought of himself as an intellectual anarchist, scornful of organized groups or "unmankind." Convinced that "all governments are founded on force," he was, incredibly enough, a defender of Joe McCarthy, whose fascistic speeches were, wrote Cummings, the result of "procommunist-&-how-activities throughout the USA sponsored by Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt & her messianically minded partner plus a conglomeration of worthy pals." Too often what emerges from the letters is what Randall Jarrell liked least about Cummings's poems: "their pride in Cummings and their contempt for most other people . . . All his work thanks God that he is not as other men are."

But the credit side offers countless compensations: the humor and wordplays, the freshness and surprises that individualize his poetry; the kaleidoscopic idioms and typographical idiosyncrasies; the sometimes cryptic, sometimes clowning style, curiously self-conscious yet spontaneous; the high spirits and light comedy, the dropped-in doggerel and the bawdy if limping limericks, plus the stubborn originality—all the things that justify Cummings's apothegm "what matters is Uniqueness."

The letters contain frank disclosures concerning Cummings's attitudes toward his contemporaries. He delighted in Yeats, Stevens, and Isak Dinesen, and he admired, even venerated Pound, the "Multitudinous Monolith," who was "the true trailblazer of an epoch." But Williams left him cold, Gertrude Stein "somehow never even slightly intrigued me," and Hart Crane and Dylan Thomas struck him as "two perfectly authentic variations of the *Poète Maudit* theme."

The letters are at their best when they show off least and are most straightforward. Fragments of Cummings's philosophy could be put together in a most meaningful mosaic. Here, in an altogether serious letter to his young sister, are keynotes to his credo:

NEVER TAKE ANYONE'S WORD FOR ANYTHING
THE ONLY SINCERITY IS PERSPICUITY
TO DESTROY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST STEP IN ANY CREATION
THE MORE WE KNOW THE LESS WE FEEL
NEVER BE AFRAID

These were precepts he steadfastly put into practice. There are, however, times when the anarchic sentences verge on the sententious. For example, "Nothing is so difficult as to be alive." Yet Cummings had little difficulty living energetically in a variety of roles—he called himself "an author of pictures, a draughtsman of words." One of his books, entitled *CIOPW*, comprised work in Charcoal, Ink, Oil, Pastel, and Watercolors. He was happy exploring the entire gamut of effects from unabashed sentimentality to abrupt rowdiness and sheer esthetic shock. More than a few letters display the fluency with which he used verbal legerdemain to shape a multilevel language.

Included as a kind of lagniappe are letters written to readers who had trouble understanding the poetry—letters that are cordial in tone, pleased at the reader's concern with his work, and generous with explanations. There is also one chiding letter which I particularly cherish. It is to a correspondent—his name might be Legion—who enclosed pages of verse and inquired about the way to write poetry. Cummings answered:

> Being neither a scholar nor a critic, I don't read manuscripts or give advice. But in your case let me make a suggestion
>
> why not learn to write English? It's one of the more beautiful languages. And (like any language) it has a grammar, syntax, etc: which can be learned. Nobody can teach you to write poetry, but only you can learn the language through which you hope to become a poet.
>
> trying to write poetry before you've learned all there is to learn about writing is like tackling the integral calculus without understanding arithmetic. It's even more like trying to build yourself a house from the ridgepole down; instead of laying the foundations first and then erecting a structure on them, story by story.

This is a letter that every author besieged by correspondents asking for a personal, preferably handwritten manual of poetry should copy and keep on his desk for the moment of truth.

Silver Lake, N.H.
October 3 '35

Dear Pound—
haven't heard from yer honor in a number of epochs & am naturally suspicious: what with Roosevelt growing whichfully Boulder at Hoover dam & Robinson Crusoe translated into Basic for the benefit of marinated moujiks & social discredit goosing Father Coughlin in the Alberta & the Quintuplets still taking nourishment & Lawrence puking posthumously all over his Doubleday Doran & Mussolini busily barking up the woebe-gone arsehole of Solomon! Sure an 'tis a fine hoblate horange yer cronie Joymes Jace has uprightly decided to walk blindly upon. All the more cause, I'm thinkin', for a couple o'dizzily undelapidated & otherwise prematurely noncrepuscular correspondents like our blessed selves to hark forwardly backward into the pettifoggering salaami o' the ringstrakers & to cry oop fer a Mann named fer instance Thomas

> "For distance in a straight line has no mystery. The mystery is in the sphere. But the sphere consists in correspondence"—what was I atellin' you —"and redintegration"—a translator's word, to be unsure—"; it is a doubled half that becomes one, that is made by joining an upper and a lower half, a heavenly and an earthly hemisphere, which complement each other in a whole, in such a manner that what is above is also below; and what happens in the earthly repeats itself in the heavenly sphere and contrariwise. Thos complementary exchange of two halves which together form a closed sphere is equivalent to actual change—that is, revolution. The sphere rolls—that lies in the nature of spheres. Bottom is soon top and top bottom, in so far as one can speak of top and bottom in such a connection. Not only do the heavenly and the earthly recognise themselves in each other, but, thanks to the revolution of the sphere, the heavenly can turn into the earthly, the earthly into the heavenly, from which it is clear that gods can become men and on the other hand men can become gods again." (Joseph And His Brothers, page 205-6, Knopf publisher)

compare Gaudier [—Brzeska].

Come come, me fine boyo, quoth the flyder to the spi: haul up yet catgut out o' the pretty pond o' putrid politics & bait a strong rope with all o' yourself & jump you out right inwardly at the Isful ubiquitous wasless & shallbeless quote scrotumtightening unquote omnivorously eternal thalassa pelagas or Ocean. —From *Selected Letters of E. E. Cummings.*

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Cycling Beauty

THE REVIEW OF Nobel laureate Yasunari Kawabata's book [*SR*, June 14] lists its title as *House of the Sleeping Beauties*. The advertisement in the newspaper for the movie based on the book called it *House of the Sleeping Maidens* while the film itself was translated as *House of the Sleeping Virgins*, the latter tying in with reviewer Thomas Fitzsimmons's over-all concept of the story.

In the movie, at least, Eguchi sees (or thinks he does) one of the inmates of the house during the daytime riding on the back of a motorcycle with a boyfriend, giving rise to a suspicion that *Beauties* might apply more rigidly than *Virgins*. (In the movie, at least.)

HARRY CIMRING,
Hollywood, Calif.

Cruel Microscope

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S REVIEW of *The Kingdom and the Power* [*SR*, June 14] sagely describes that huge volume as an "amazing amalgam of gossip, fact, history, and inside stuff made eminently entertaining for anyone except those unfortunate *Times* writers, editors, or managers who take their turns under an often cruel microscope." Puzzling to the lay reader is why the author was permitted so much leeway in arriving at his facts and—in many instances—suppositions.

It has been said that the least reported aspect of the contemporary scene is how the press conducts itself, what considerations determine the emphasis and positioning given the stories it prints, and how impartial is its outlook on issues directly affecting it. Reluctance is perhaps too mild a word to describe the attitude newspapers have adopted when asked to describe their methods of procedure. That *The New York Times* apparently granted Gay Talese *carte blanche* in doing his research helps redress the balance.

Now that the completed product is available at bookstores, however, it might be enlightening to know if there aren't some misgivings being voiced about the wisdom of making available such untrammeled access to a huge enterprise's inner workings. The unanswered question remains: Without such freedom would the book have been not merely "bitchy in spots" but thoroughly saturated with that dubious "quality" throughout its 555 pages?

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Quotes

IT WOULD APPEAR that Michael A. Butterworth, who complains in the Book Forum [*SR*, June 7] about the inadequacy of books of quotations, has not consulted new works and recent editions. For example, he can locate one of the dicta he sought—"It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder"—in *The Penguin Dictionary of Quotations*, where it is credited not to Clemenceau but to Boulay de la Meurthe (1761-1840), commenting on the execution of the Duc d'Enghien.

As for pronouncements by Napoleon and Hitler, your correspondent will find the two men cited extensively in the 14th edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* and in Bergen Evans's *Dictionary of Quotations*, both published in 1968, as well as in George Seldes's *The Great Quotations* (1960).

DAVID M. GLIXON,
Ardsley, N.Y.

MAY I CALL READER Butterworth's attention to the fact that the quotation "Form follows function" is more often than not attributed to Frank Lloyd Wright. But my own quick research shows that *he* took it from his Chicago architectural mentor ("Lieber Meister") Louis Henri Sullivan. Sullivan used it often, but Wright changed it to "Form and function are one." Now this is just one example of how difficult it is to compile good, accurate books of quotation.

CHARLES ANTIN,
New York, N.Y.

I WOULD LIKE TO CALL Michael Butterworth's attention to *The Great Quotations*, which J. Donald Adams described as "a collection of man's best thinking." He will find no "unfamiliar and forgettable quotations" in it, and he will find all those used by the Container Corporation in their advertisements, "Great Ideas of Western Man."

The reason Mr. Butterworth, and the rest of the world, had not heard of *The Great Quotations* is because no important newspaper and no important magazine, with one exception, as much as mentioned this work. (The exception was *SR*, which gave it a few lines in its semi-annual review of reference books.)

It took me thirty years, off and on, to collect all the great quotations and great thoughts—and of course I did not find them all—and six years of collating and editing. Twenty publishers turned it down, not because of faults, but because of the expense of printing and publishing a 1,000-page volume. Two friends decided to do it, and they advertised for patrons, each to advance $100 and to receive ten $15 copies. Almost half the cost was raised,

"... and don't make me look like a damned yippie!"

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the book was printed, met with 99 44/100 per cent silence and sold some 25,000 copies. It is now available in a Pocket Books paperback—but this edition is arranged by subjects, whereas the original is arranged by authors, alphabetically.

For the past eight years I have been at work on a new edition of 2,000 pages, correcting the errors and omissions of the first edition. I found it necessary, for example, to read the entire works of Aristotle, inasmuch as books of "familiar" quotations devote less than a page to him. The new edition will have at least eight. There will be six of Lord Acton; the present edition has three, and the most popular of "familiar" books has no mention of him. Nor of John Stuart Mill, and a hundred others who have written or spoken great thoughts.

However, there is little likelihood of Mr. Butterworth ever being able to purchase it. It would cost a lot of money to set in type and I cannot find a publisher.

GEORGE SELDES,
Hartland-Four-Corners, Vt.

The Ent Wives

IS THERE A TOLKIEN SCHOLAR who can tell me if the Ent wives were ever found, or if the mystery of their disappearance was ever solved?

JOAN GRISWOLD,
Granby, Conn.

The Right Words

NO ONE IN THE ESTABLISHMENT (or anywhere near it) can be expected to treat Noam Chomsky's collective assessment of Vietnam, *American Power and the New Mandarins* [*SR*, May 31], in a favorable light, certainly not Professor Milton Konvitz, whose review is irresponsible. "Depravity, obscenity, and butchery" are the right words to characterize what this country has been doing in Vietnam, and the choice of them follows directly, reasonably, and coolly from the care, the scholarship, and the reason that have pervaded Chomsky's published essays. Konvitz has not read Chomsky. He has read the newspapers.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM,
Macomb, Ill.

MILTON R. KONVITZ'S REVIEW is a beautiful example of the systematically dispassionate necrophilia Professor Chomsky so vigorously attacks. It is strange and depressing to live in a time when passion for life is a lesser value, just because it "appeals to the emotions rather than the intelligence."

DAVID S. DESHON,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

IF MR. KONVITZ WOULD PREFER a plain statement of fact, I refer him to the American Friends Service Committee's White Paper of May 5th. I quote: "An entire nation is being physically, morally and spiritually destroyed."

MILLICENT L. PETTIT,
Radnor, Pa.

AS AN "ANTI-CHOMSKY" LINGUIST, I have spent a good deal of time criticizing many of Chomsky's notions as set forth in his technical writings. His scientific works, however, are always well stated and well documented in addition to being stocked with opinion. Although his political writings are also opinionated, it strikes me that this is the case with all political writing. Perhaps Chomsky is only more honest.

ROGER SHANK,
Stanford, Calif.

CHOMSKY FRANKLY IS EMOTIONAL; is there anything wrong in being emotional about a horror like the Vietnam war?

ABE KOPPELMAN,
Tucson, Ariz.

Hussein of Jordan

I HAVE READ WITH APPRECIATION the review of *Hussein of Jordan: My "War" with Israel* [*SR*, May 31]. It is a notable review in that it does not labor to present King Hussein and the Arabs in a bad light.

Readers in this country have long been assaulted with propaganda the intent of which has been to prevent a compassionate understanding of the plight of the Arabs driven from their homes and their lands in 1948.

EUGENE B. CROWE,
Tallahassee, Fla.

BERTRAM JOHANSSON STATES: "King Hussein's high sense of honor and his own military prudence, which led to some of the heaviest fighting the Israelis had to face on any of the several fronts, make him the most eligible Arab to put forward peace feelers through the U.N."

High honor? Including complete complicity with Nasser in announcing to the world that American planes were involved in the destruction of the Egyptian air force?

Military prudence? Including entering the war, after being told by the Israeli government that if he remained out he would not be bothered, and then proceeding to lose half his kingdom?

Many things can be said of Hussein's ability to survive, but none of these should include the concept of honor or military prudence.

EMANUEL FRIEDMAN,
Burlingame, Calif.

MR. JOHANSSON SHOULD KNOW that Hussein has never done a thing for his own people. He has exploited them in the same way that Arab leaders have exploited their countrymen for centuries. The Arabs of Jordan are aware of this but their fanatic hatred of Israel takes priority. Messrs. Nasser and Hussein have always exploited this hatred to distract their subjects from the multitude of problems the UAR and Jordan face. I suppose that compared to the ultra-extremists of Syria, Hussein must appear a liberal to some people but let us not be that naïve.

And the topper is Mr. Johansson's comment that the Arab commandos themselves deplored the blowing up of an Israeli schoolbus by Arab mines. Did the Arab commandos send condolence letters after their bombs went off in a Jerusalem university cafeteria and in crowded marketplaces? Come, come, Mr. Johansson.

LEONARD A. SCHONBERG,
Bronx, N. Y.

English Bespoke

THE THING is, basically it's impossible to conduct a dialogue with anyone who's putting you on, if you know what I mean. Like, I mean, salesmanshipwise. So let's get down to the nitty-gritty of all this jazz, and tell it like it is.

In the first place, you've got to have charisma, because the ambiance won't settle for anything less. You've just got to be with it, because it's the thrust of the thing that counts. Right? Right.

The thing is to keep your cool. Everyone has his own bag, and everyone should be allowed to do his own thing. Your schtick may not be mine, but you shouldn't come on too strong, because when you've got everything going for you, just don't knock it. Like I say, you know, I mean, if you're traveling on the *Titanic* you might just as well go first-class. So what? If you're couth you're square, and your only four-letter words are "love," "race," and "baby," things like that. "The race problem," "the Negro problem," "law and order," instead of "the sick white man problem," for the whole ball of wax. That's the problem.

There are so many people with hangups these days, all strung-out, and others uptight. Some, blowing their minds, freak out, others cop out. It's the cool heads who are getting above it. There's nothing like a head-shrinker, Viennesing *ad libido*, for putting you where you're at. That's stud.

Well, I'm not about to make the scene on some other pad because this is what I'm into. If you're stir you're in. If you're cool you're out. I'm just waiting for someone to sock it to me with The Flying Fickle Finger of Fate Award. Very interesting—No? How about that? You wouldn't be putting me down? If you don't like what I say, you can tune me out. Some people are just not plugged in. If I turn you on, that's groovy. So let it all hang out. Love, shmuv, peace, meece. It's all the same, the whole bit. Silicone is a bust.

—ASHLEY MONTAGU.

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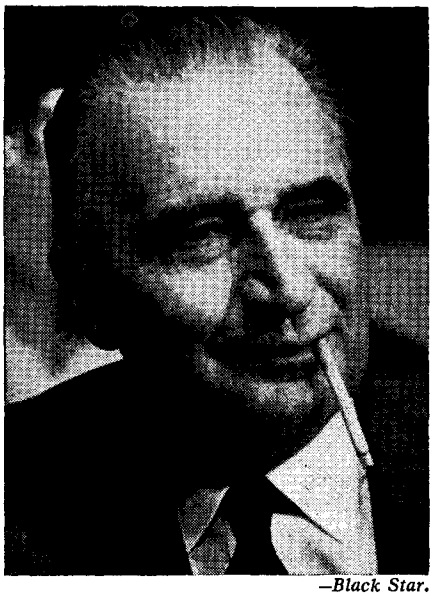
European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

That the messianic peasant Sergei Esenin (1895-1925) has at last won official tolerance if not favor from Moscow's apparatniks is indicated by the publication of his *Collected Works in Five Volumes*. In his poetry he remained the self-appointed defender of Central Russia's countryside, the "azure Russia," against that "vile iron outsider," the city. His fiery allegiance to the October Revolution cooled as he saw its Utopian goals belied by machine guns in the streets and power politics in Leningrad and Moscow. The influence of the Orthodox Church remained strong in him, and in a poem called "Comrade," reminiscent of Blok's "The Twelve," he imagined Jesus descending to help the Revolutionaries, only to be gunned down by a policeman. Considered something of a "hooligan" (his own word) in his day, he is now viewed by Russian literary hierarchs as one unable to "appreciate the fine points of social democracy," one who viewed events with "a peasant's deflection" *(Soviet Literature)*. His last poems, which describe "black forces" haunting his soul, foreshadow his suicide in 1925. On that occasion the great Mayakovsky wrote: "The people, the makers of language, have lost their bell-voiced scamp of an apprentice." Yet the hooligan survived, for soldiers, peasants, students, and the little people have always kept within reach a copy of his verse.

Russians have been waiting with curiosity for the latest volume of Mikhail Sholokhov's saga on the Cossacks, *They Fought for Their Country*, which is concerned with the Stalinist era. Its appearance was delayed, even though Moscow's censors were being permissive enough to allow staging at the Mayakovsky Theater of Yeshov's *Night of the Nightingale*, in which a sergeant deserts the Red Army in 1945 for love of a German girl. (Yeshov's sensitive film *Ballad of a Soldier* was seen in Europe and America.) Now a chapter of *They Fought* has finally appeared in *Pravda*, and it is clear that Sholokhov is still playing it safe. The time is 1941, just before Hitler invaded Russia. Sholokhov must face up to Stalin's crimes of the late Thirties, and he does; but he attributes them to Stalin's ignorance of the arrests, forced confessions, and liquidations perpetrated by his KGB chief, Yezhov. Characters in the book hope that Stalin will eventually see through Beria, Yezhov's successor in 1941. One general, released from a prison camp, breaks off a recital of events during the Stalinist terror. "Let's stop. One should absorb this poison in small portions. Otherwise we shall vomit." It is hardly flattering to Stalin to treat him as a naïve ninny, but Brezhnev and company must have preferred this version; the chapter was printed when Sholokhov was reportedly beginning to doubt that it ever would be.

In France literary news vied bravely with electoral bulletins as spring came to a close. Françoise Sagan's *A Little Sun in Cold Water* (Flammarion) extolled again but more gravely love in bourgeois life. The patriarchal Henry de Montherlant had Gallimard publish his *Garçons*, a highly praised reminiscence of teen-aged boys at a Catholic boarding school. The second volume of Russian-born Henri Troyat's trilogy, *Heirs of the Future* (Flammarion), won superlatives from Luc Estang, Paul Guth, Pierre-Henri Simon, and others. Even larger headlines in the literary journals were copped by Georges Pompidou, who prepared a speech on poetry and politics for a ceremony at the Comédie Française (the paper was discreetly given to Jacques Toja to be read). It was a learned piece, covering such topics as the activism of the poet, the political aims of epic poetry, verse as a medium of revolt, and the common responsibilities of poets and politicians. There were many quotations from Racine, Lamartine, Hugo, Baudelaire, Aragon, Apollinaire, and others.



—*Black Star.*

Georges Pompidou—"poet-statesman."

The lines from Lamartine were especially appropriate, for 1969 marks the centenary of his death. (Maurice Toesca commemorated the occasion with a study of the poet, issued by Albin Michel.) But the audience understood there was another reason for quoting Alphonse de Lamartine, chief of the provisional French government after the Revolution of 1848. M. Pompidou was reminding his audience that leaders of France, from Francis I and Henri II down to the present century, have often been at least Sunday poets. Would not the custody of the Republic be safest in the hands of a poet-statesman? Should not a worthy tradition be preserved? Shortly thereafter the French people gave their answer.

From Kiepenheuer and Witsch in Cologne comes an attractively printed second novel of Dieter Wellershoff, *Die Schattengrenze* (The Shadowy Border). Wellershoff, born in 1925 at Neuss in the Rhineland and now living in Cologne, has been a vocal participant since 1960 in the annual meetings of Gruppe 47. His latest novel is a crime thriller related directly from the subconscious of the pursued criminal, who committed his deed under the pressures of his environment. From the first pages, where he lies about his whereabouts, he confuses hallucination with reality. Throughout the novel he moves in the shadowy, diffuse border between the everyday world and nightmare. The reader is absorbed into the consciousness of the protagonist and swept into the latter's paranoia; normal time and space disappear, transitions take place imperceptibly. As with his earlier *Ein schöner Tag*, Wellershoff is winning praise for the originality and consistency of his narrative.

Many of Federico García Lorca's letters to his wide circle of friends have been published, but it remained for Antonio Gallego Morell to produce the largest collection yet. His annotated edition of Lorca's *Cartas, postales, poemas, y dibujos* has just been published in Madrid by Editorial Moneda y Crédito. Those who have enjoyed reading the previously printed letters to Jorge Guillén, Guillermo de Torre, Ana Maria Dalí, and others will enjoy the perspectives opened up by these new ones to Manuel de Falla, Nobel laureate Juan Ramón Jiménez, the "exquisite Granadina" Emilia Llanos, the guitarrist and composer Angel Barrios, the painter José Caballero (who did several portraits of Federico), and especially Lorca's dear friend and fellow-writer Melchor Fernández Almagro. One of the many curiosities we

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note is Lorca's vacillating affection for his native gaslit Granada, as contrasted with his unwavering enthusiasm for the rest of Andalusia's sun-baked towns: Málaga, Córdoba, Algeciras, and Cádiz. The book, which contains ninety-six letters and postcard messages, is further enriched by hitherto unpublished photographs, poems, drawings, and portraits. All this is welcome indeed, even though the volume is not so sumptuous as *Lorca en color*, a lavish picture book based on the poet's life edited by Gregorio Prieto and just published by Editorial Nacional of Madrid.

Although the French have founded something called the Syndicate of Literary Critics, nothing seems quite so inconceivable as an International Association of Literary Critics. Yet such a group now exists, and has already held its first meeting in violet-scented Parma, which apparently was left convention-hungry after its Stendhal Congress of a year or two ago. Even if the skeptical Englishmen invited stayed away almost to a man, delegates attended from twenty-two other countries. How they were chosen remains a mystery, since no one has ever successfully defined a literary critic, or distinguished one from such other categories as book reviewer or literary historian. The omnibus theme, "Problems of Criticism Today," failed to generate much memorable discussion. To recall the scornful words uttered by impressionist critic Jules Lemaître long ago, what happened was not criticism but conversation.

The executive committee, which includes literary historians Mario Praz (Italy) and Alexander Mikhailov (USSR), was constituted in a manner to bring vocal literati from Western Europe and the Socialist Democracies into an East-West dialogue. But dialogue at these affairs always remains parallel monologue. Having attended a number of such literary congresses in Europe in recent years (Fédération Internationale des Langues et Lettres Modernes, PEN Club International, International Comparative Literature Association, and even the Budapest Congress of the International Association for the Study of Italian Language and Literature), I have found that the scholars and critics from Eastern Europe never retreat an inch from their Marxist polemics while on the rostrum. Only when you are sitting with them in a coffee bar do they make any effort to meet you halfway, or rather a quarter of the way.

However, if the conference was not particularly successful, the many-coursed meal at the Trattoria Stendhal was a smash.

Personal History

AN UNFINISHED WOMAN: A Memoir

by Lillian Hellman

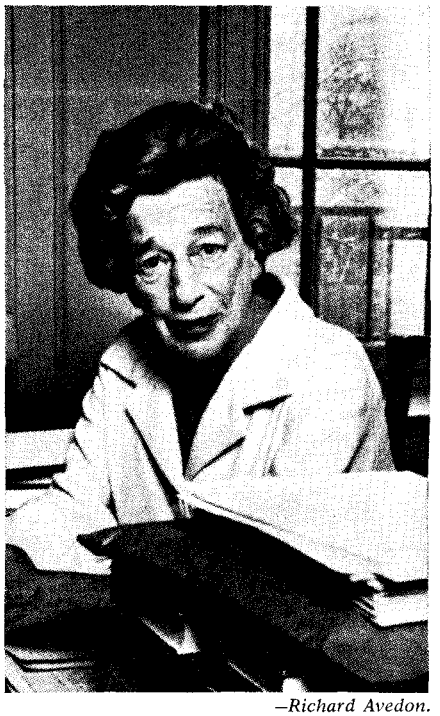
Little, Brown, 280 pp., $7.50

A PECULIAR CONCEIT of every generation —it may be the distinguishing conceit of the callow newcomers as they swarm up among us decade after decade—is that it discovered sex. This is one of the attitudes that render the young dull, incredible and amusing. In the flamboyant and boastful Sixties, however, thanks in part to the pill, the newcomers, rank upon rank, have reached further heights of arrogance. They lay out exclusive claims to the fullest, freest and busiest sex ever: like no one else in history, they are truly emancipated.

I have news for the brash youngsters: there has always been license. Oscar Wilde was only one among many scandalous Victorians, as memoirs and biographies attest with increasing frequency. Bertrand Russell kissed and told, and the ladies didn't mind. Wives and mothers deserted their broods, publicly to bed with a man like D. H. Lawrence. In our own country the bars have long been down. Nearly half a century ago Thomas Wolfe professed he was a belly kisser. A succession of intense, vibrant, fantastically alive women acknowledged their appetites and passions as uninhibitedly as today's mini-skirted teen-ager—don't forget Dorothy Parker, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie.

Almost a generation later than these women writers came a colleague who, though she added depth, color and excitement to the Broadway stage, now examines her past purely, wholly, frankly as a woman. She writes not about her career but her life. And she makes it plain that the more things change the more they stay the same. Lillian Hellman's "memoir" reminds us emphatically that this is not just a man's world but a woman's world, too. Yet styles do differ. Whereas sex is flaunted now, it was taken in stride fifty years ago, and there is an admirable, commonsensical approach to it in this fresh, spirited account of a woman highly "finished" as a mature and richly accomplished person but far from "finished" in the sense of being through and done with. Although sex is by no means her sole topic, the way she treats it, honestly and unaffectedly, shows how she treats everything else.

Miss Hellman had one unconquerable passion: she was a book addict. And, like so many of our good writers, she is a Southerner, born in New Orleans. For some time after the family fortune was squandered, she lived, like Wolfe, in a houseful of roomers and



—*Richard Avedon.*

Lillian Hellman—"crackling dialogue."

boarders. Running away after a violent domestic row, she eluded pursuers a couple of days, frightened herself into her first menstrual period, and in sum learned that, female though she was, there were battles she could win.

A novice employee of publisher Horace Liveright, she met the near-great and great. One of them made her pregnant, she had an abortion, then married the father anyway. Five years later, at the age of twenty-four, she entered upon a thirty-year association with "my closest, my most beloved friend," Dashiell Hammett, who was thirty-six. Recovering from a wicked bender, he sat up with her their first night in a restaurant and then in his car, and they talked and talked until dawn. Author of such pioneering detective fiction as *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Thin Man*, he helped her, she says, with her first play, *The Children's Hour*.

Miss Hellman went to Russia twice, once during World War II. Her visit to Spain during its Civil War helped convert her to radical causes. If she did not wholly agree with Hammett's reasons for incurring a jail sentence in the unconscionable McCarthy era, she at least sympathized.

Her friend Dorothy Parker had the reputation for the murderous retort but the Hellman jab and thrust draw blood, too. In the same crackling dialogue that marked the plays—*The Little Foxes, Watch on the Rhine*, and others—she ridicules Alexander Woollcott, decides it is very hard to be ruder than a titled Englishman, slaps Hemingway down—he had volunteered the information, unbelievably, that he was

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too committed elsewhere to sleep with her at the moment. Girls of her time had had sexual intercourse by the end of their teens or pretended they had. She is chary of the word "love"—you had an affair, you slept with a man, that was it. But in my lexicon it is love she has in heart and mind in writing of Hammett.

The "memoir" is filled out generously with pages from a diary variously datelined Spain, France and Russia. There are gaps. We don't know how she got from her impassioned adolescence to intimacy with the leading novelists, playwrights and wits. She says practically nothing about the theater. On the other hand, the whole book is vivid, thrilling theater; the littlest incident is whipped up into a dramatic scene. There will be curtain calls galore.

W. G. Rogers

"Ladies Bountiful" is the latest book by W. G. Rogers.

THE RIGHT TIME:
An Autobiography

by Harry Golden
Putnam, 450 pp., $6.95

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, properly conceived and executed, can be a significant human and artistic statement even when its protagonist is a person of less than cosmic importance or literary talent. The autobiography of Harry Golden, however, is a failure, for its author has no gift for introspection, makes no real effort at confession, and never tries to define himself as a man or to come to grips with what he is or has been. The book is just as unsatisfactory if taken as a memoir, for its first-person narrative of involvement with certain public events and figures, while sometimes interesting, offers few memorable facts or insights, and covers only haphazardly and superficially incidents and personalities much better treated elsewhere.

Still, in this as in his earlier writings, Harry Golden is a convivial if somewhat avuncular raconteur, and *The Right Time* is likely to find itself in hundreds of thousands of homes that rarely welcome books, for its content, literary style, and level of discourse easily maintain the standard Golden has already set for himself. Put quite simply, whoever liked his others books will like this one, and whoever didn't, won't.

To give Golden his due, it should be added that what he does, however limited it may be, he does well, and that adverse critical comments are misdirected if they are aimed solely at him or his works. Harry Golden doesn't buy his books, he only writes them; and he didn't invent his readers —they were there already and he provided what they seem to have wanted. The real source of my discontent is not Golden himself but the society that has encouraged his outpourings, marketed them as if they were the greatest thing since Mother's Day, and received them with a wave of enthusiasm more appropriate, perhaps, to Holy Writ. (I am reminded of a Thanksgiving dinner I once attended at which the hostess sought to express her sense of the occasion's sacramental aspect by reading at table a favorite passage from *Only in America*, Golden's first book.)

Working through the pages of the latest Harry Golden—it doesn't really matter much which one—the reader may experience a two-part reaction. At first, Golden's blithe mixture of gobs of syrupy sentimentality with self-satisfied anecdotes and fervent adulation of middle-class values and attitudes will seem harmless enough stuff, bland and banal perhaps but good-natured, pleasing in its way, and certainly not ugly, malicious, or vulgar, like so much that the mass media feed their audiences. Then, maybe, there will come a saddening moment of recognition: these are the very books George F. Babbitt would have produced were he a real person alive today and a writer.

All of this, of course, elaborates Golden's place in our "cultural" life without explaining his widespread acceptance, but to explain the Harry Golden phenomenon adequately would require a definitive explanation of America itself. Nevertheless, as a preliminary contribution towards such an explanation, I would suggest that those who have not already done so must face up to an unpleasant truth: Golden has brought to millions of readers a sense of community, security, and warmth, however phony, that they have not found anywhere else in a big, lonely, confusing world which has run away and left them behind. Unfortunately, the special blend of complacency, nostalgia for good old days that never existed, and simplistic pontificating about complex problems with which he has accomplished this seeming act of consolation is just what the young people's revolt is all about. The boys in SDS could doubtless see in Harry Golden, without too much difficulty, the image of their fat, dumb, and happy fathers.

Most certainly Harry Golden's name will never appear in any history of literature. His writings are nonetheless social documents of some consequence, and as such they may prove to be important sources for those in the future who try to understand present-day America. Harry Golden's works may not explain why the U.S. in the 1960s is beset by crisis, but their very existence will reveal some of what was wrong and demonstrate why many felt it was impossible for her to remain the way she was.

Robert J. Milch

Robert J. Milch is the author of "How to Be an American Jew."

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

LITERARY LIAISONS

The authors at the left were romantically linked with the members of the opposite sex in the opposite column. Which with whom? is the question posed in unison by Helen Gene Hebrank, Patricia A. Lewis, and Ann E. Whetstone of Minneapolis. The blinds are raised on page 51.

1. Pierre Abélard ( )
2. Lord Byron ( )
3. Gaius V. Catullus ( )
4. William Congreve ( )
5. Gabriele D'Annunzio ( )
6. Dante Alighieri ( )
7. Charles Dickens ( )
8. George Eliot ( )
9. J. W. von Goethe ( )
10. Ovid ( )
11. Francesco Petrarch ( )
12. E. A. Poe ( )
13. George Sand ( )
14. Voltaire ( )
15. Sir Thomas Wyatt ( )

a. Anne Boleyn
b. Anne Bracegirdle
c. Lotte Buff
d. Gabrielle du Châtelet
e. Frédéric Chopin
f. Corinna
g. Eleonora Duse
h. Teresa Guiccioli
i. Héloïse
j. "Lesbia"
k. "Laura"
l. George Henry Lewes
m. Beatrice Portinari
n. Ellen Ternan
o. Sarah Helen Whitman

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AGHVOOK, WHITE ESKIMO: Otto Geist and Alaskan Archaeology

by Charles J. Keim
University of Alaska Press, 313 pp., $7.95

IT IS 1927. The scene is barren, gale-swept St. Lawrence Island in the Bering Sea some 50 miles from Siberia. Otto William Geist is undergoing a rite that will make him a brother to the Eskimo. Using the urine of a sorceress to moisten soot from a seal-oil lamp, the wife of the Eskimo leader is tattooing the white man's left forearm with the outline of a right or bowhead whale, called *aghvook* in their language. The painfully slow procedure will be followed by a ceremonial dance. The tattooing is a symbol of the love and respect the Eskimos feel for the man who has shared their way of life and, in the clan's sight, is worthy of becoming one of them. Among Eskimos the white man's name will thereafter be Aghvook.

Geist had spent the winter on St. Lawrence. It was the beginning of his search for clues to Alaska's prehistoric past. Thirty years later the University of Alaska conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of science, citing his prodigious work as a pioneer Alaskan archeologist, paleontologist, and naturalist. By then he was known world-wide for his contributions to these fields. Geist was a member of numerous scientific societies, a research associate in vertebrate paleontology at the University of Alaska, and director of vertebrate paleontological field work for the Frick Laboratory.

Aghvook, White Eskimo deals with those three intervening decades. Its author, Charles J. Keim, dean of the College of Arts and Letters at the University of Alaska, worked closely on the book with Geist for several years before his death. Under such circumstances the person written about frequently wants a biography rather than an account focused upon the special achievements that the author sees as material for a book. Unfortunately, Keim accepted this handicap. His twelve opening chapters follow the first thirty-five years of Geist's life, almost month by month, beginning with his birth in Upper Bavaria in 1888. By 1924, being adventuresome and footloose, Geist had found his way to the Arctic region of Alaska, where he had a summer job as second engineer on a small stern-wheeler on the Koyukuk River run. That is where the book should have begun. The remaining twenty-two chapters concern Aghvook, white Eskimo.

A natural collector, Geist, who was already picking up at random various small, easy-to-carry artifacts, acquired an ancient ivory harpoon head, a slate knife, a spear point, and an ivory fish-net weight. He was curious about the people who had made and used these things, and then disappeared; he also looked with wonder upon the fossil bones he saw exposed on the river's banks.

Entirely by accident, two people who were to have a major influence upon him came into his life. It happened on the season's last trip upriver, when the boat took on biologist Olaus J. Murie and his bride. During a wait in the settlement of Bettles, Murie collected bird specimens. When Geist showed an interest, Murie invited him to help and also showed him how to skin and prepare specimens. Later the biologist mentioned Geist's collecting bent and irrepressible curiosity in a letter to Dr. Charles E. Bunnell, president of the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines, the parent institution of the University of Alaska. Following their meeting Bunnell saw in Geist his chance to give the college the museum he thought it should have, which in turn afforded Geist the purpose he needed to achieve his goal: He was determined to ferret out Alaska's frostbound secrets.

On St. Lawrence he opened 2,000-year-old mounds and burial grounds that provided clues to ancient man's migrations across Europe and Asia. While engaged in this work Geist lived as an Eskimo, respecting the people's superstitions and taboos, eating their food, wearing their clothes, and speaking with them in the native tongue he painstakingly learned. At that time but two of some 550 people living on the island were Christian. Gradually Geist found acceptance among the Eskimos, and after he became Aghvook he was allowed to join them on hunts and observe their rituals. He kept voluminous notes about the ceremonies, which were beginning to die out. Keim has quoted these observations, as well as Geist's vivid description of customs concerning marriage, birth, death, and other events in their lives.

The vast amount of material he collected from St. Lawrence was only part of the massive contribution to science made by Geist, who became a world-recognized authority on Pleistocene fossils. Field trips and expeditions took him to almost every part of Alaska, and into the northwest region of Canada, but there was also plenty to look for in the university's back yard, where hydraulic mining operations were constantly exposing prehistoric bones of animals ranging in size from a field mouse to a woolly mammoth. Although he found the bones of lion, camel, musk ox, horse, giant beaver, and super bison, Geist was disappointed in his search for remains of a Pleistocene man. He believed they would be discovered in caves, but the only one he located and explored was empty.

In 1962, a year and a half before his death, Otto Geist was still at work. "I'm only seventy-three and there's so much to do," he said.

Kathryn Winslow

"Are you going to read the entire Arctic night through?"

Kathryn Winslow, who was acquainted with Otto Geist, wrote "Big Pan-Out" and "Alaska Bound."

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Fiction

THE TIMID ADVENTURES OF A WINDOW WASHER

by Georges Michel, translated from the French by Helen Weaver
Doubleday, 192 pp., $4.95

ALL WE REALLY KNOW about poor Gus is that he is short, puny, and cannot get rid of his dandruff, but we recognize his sort right away—the eternal sad sack, the schlemiel, introduced into French literature during the Depression by Céline in *Voyage au bout de la nuit* and featured in countless novels since. Poor Gus (his name in this book is actually Gugusse) has become Mr. Everyman, a modern Christ-figure, the victim of technocracy, of capitalistic exploitation, of a universe in which God is dead. Adapted to the particular preoccupations or capacities of each author from Jean Cayrol, Jean Genet, Henry Miller, and Samuel Beckett to the most recent of epigones, he is, par excellence, the hero of the modern novel or, as we say after Sartre, the anti-hero of the modern anti-novel.

As anti-heroes go, Georges Michel's Gugusse is an appealing sort. He gets up every morning cussing his life, uses the sink rather than go down to the W.C. in the courtyard, shaves, has breakfast, and rides off on his motorbike to wash shop windows all day. He lives in the congenial Paris slums where something is always happening. So traffic accidents, sidewalk salesmen, and pretty girls distract Gugusse and make him chronically late. The sights and his fantasies fill his life, which just goes on and on. This is not literally true; there are some story features. Once Gugusse gets himself a girl and has several Sunday dates, until she finds somebody better. He becomes involved with some protest instigators and is even roughed up by the police in a demonstration. Also he loses his job. But he finds another; and all these episodes, which might be high points in another kind of novel, melt down and away in Gugusse's daily routine of getting out of bed, going to work, and returning to eat supper in front of the window—in France, the poor man's television screen.

Gugusse is excruciatingly lonely, but he bores hell out of everyone whom he manages to corner for conversation. Or else he sticks his foot in it: what he offers as a funny story about seeing the police haul off an Algerian almost costs him the only companions who will tolerate him—the social agitators in the café. So as not to lose them he posts their bills and participates in an aggravation and a riot. But his social conscience is nil; he would settle for a transistor radio and a well-built babe. He is too timid to approach the latter and too poor to acquire the former. On his pay, all he can do is keep body and soul together. Yet he sings on his job, the way the sparrow that he rescues chirps, and counts his meager blessings. A man who keeps writing in for literature on how to succeed socially, how to develop biceps, or how to grow mushrooms in the cellar can never really know despair.

The pathos and humor that characterize the life of Gugusse the timid window-washer is conveyed by the interior monologue that runs from cover to cover of this book—a monologue in the popular, spoken language that was another "first" with Céline. It is no longer a great novelty, but it is still an effective device to tune us in on the character, and put event and emotion in the character's own perspective. Perhaps it is overdone here, however; protracted to the length of a book it can grow tedious. If Gugusse's days are depressingly alike, so are the pages of this novel. But we do get the point.

At least, I think the point is that Gugusse has a stupid life and that life is like that. In spite of incidental jabs at the establishment and a finale eloquent in irony, the work does not add up to a social indictment. Gugusse would be a loser no matter what side he was on. If any social verity is demonstrated, it is that a man can become a revolutionary just to keep from spending his evenings alone.

Laurent LeSage

Laurent LeSage is co-author of a recent volume in French, "Dictionnaire des Critiques littéraires."

WIT TWISTER #119

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Who are they, _ _ _ _ _ _ _
than the fog,
That _ _ _ _ _ _ _ and moan
beside the lake?
Pale midnight flowers of the
bog,
They _ _ _ _ _ _ _ when we
mortals wake.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 51)

DEATH DANCE: Twenty-five Stories

by Angus Wilson
Viking, 406 pp., $6.95

HERE ARE STORIES from Angus Wilson's *The Wrong Set, Such Darling Dodos,* and *A Bit Off the Map*—masterful, concise, rather macabre tales of postwar England. The collection is aptly named, for most of the characters in this volume are involved in dances of death of one kind or another, consciously or unconsciously celebrating the doom of their civilization.

Wilson is a master of what we now call the Chekhovian short story: beginning with an immediate involvement in the consciousness of a central character, giving us details which, like dabs of color in an impressionist painting, suggest a whole that is never quite seen but is fully sensed. Wilson's people are generally well-educated, middle-class Anglo-Saxons, human enough but at times rather cruel, sterile, played-out.

The earliest stories in the book deal with characters whose sense of themselves is theatrical and whose attempts at living, especially at love, are fraudulent. The hard-drinking, overly sophisticated, shallow Tories of "The Wrong Set" engage in spiritless defamatory remarks about "Reds and Jews," drift through the years immediately following World War II, and feel that "Life was hell anyhow." In "Saturnalia" a New Year's Eve party at a private hotel mixes tenants and staff in a sleazy comedy of pseudo-amorous gestures. "Crazy Crowd," a looser, more extravagant story, deals with the relationship between a young woman and her lover, who is brought with her to visit her "crazy" family. Occasionally, when Wilson descends into the human, the colorful, for its own sake, his stories read like Frank O'Connor's, though his unique touch of wit is always present, rather ominously.

These stories, written in the late Forties and Fifties, demonstrate Wilson's increasing awareness of his craft. Though the concern with individuals as actors, acting out rather pathetic, vapid roles, is still uppermost in his imagination, Wilson gradually warms to his characters, giving us an increasing sense of their human dilemma. But even in so familiarly moving a story as "Mother's Sense of Fun," which presents a bachelor-professor's terrible loneliness after his mother's death, Wilson cannot resist a macabre pun. The story concludes: " 'My poor boy will be lonely,' she had said. She was dead right."

"Totentanz," which lends the col-

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lection its title, brings together various obsessions—the snobbery of these icy Anglo-Saxons, perhaps too well-educated for their own good fortune; the capriciousness of fate (an inheritance that promises much but brings little); the morbid conclusion of an ostentatious reception. Thomas Mann himself would not have imagined so preposterous an illustration of bourgeois decadence as the "Totentanz" costume party, celebrating various aspects of death: a fireplace got up as a crematorium, waiters dressed as skeletons, guests as corpses, hearses to carry them back home. The grotesque deaths of three prized guests follows immediately, perhaps logically.

Violence and death, the attraction toward disintegration and dissolution, the loss of vitality in even the young—these are Wilson's preoccupations. In the fine story "After the Show," published first in 1957, the eerie dissociation of human beings from their feelings, even their feelings about love and death, is explored in terms of theatrical events, with an attempted suicide as a kind of act, an event that fails but fails even more mysteriously to involve true feelings. Wilson's "younger generation" are contemptuous of their elders, anxious to break free into their own adulthood and into power; but a kind of premature paralysis limits them. Their imaginations are as narrow as their parents' after all:

> They had discussed it so often, schooled themselves for the task of leadership which would fall to their generation—leadership out of the desert of the television world, out of the even more degrading swamps of espresso-bar rebellion. They had fed themselves on high purposes and self-discipline . . . Now for the first time he was called upon to control a situation . . . and yet the situation seemed to drift by while he stood like a night stroller . . . He was emerging not as the hero leader but as that feeble figure, the *homme moyen sensuel*—the "hero" type of all the literature that he and his friends most despised. And he saw no way out of it.

And indeed there seems no way out. These decent godless people know all the right words; they are witty, civilized, attractive connoisseurs of what is left of their world; they are perhaps more in control of their lives than they should be if their lives are to be real, and yet they are obviously failures. Their obsession with death points up their essential failure. And when they actually die, their deaths are troublesome rather than tragic.

Joyce Carol Oates

Books by Joyce Carol Oates include the short-story collection "Upon the Sweeping Flood."

AT NIGHT ALL CATS ARE GREY
And Other Stories

by Patrick Boyle
Grove, 256 pp., $4.95

I FIRST CAME ACROSS Patrick Boyle in the annual British short-story anthology *Winter's Tales*, where his *"Meles Vulgaris"* was reprinted from the *Irish Times*. Later, I read his only novel, *Like Any Other Man*, published last year. It was clear from these two examples that Boyle, who is not a young man and is a bank manager by profession, writes well and quite unlike anyone else in Ireland today. Now, with the publication of this volume of stories, my impression of him as an important addition to Irish letters is confirmed.

Working within the tradition of the modern Irish short story, he has freed himself of the gentle pathos that became Frank O'Connor's hallmark; he avoids, too, Sean O'Faolain's generally cheerful outlook on his countrymen. It is as though he wanted to dig deeper into a vein already well mined. Boyle's is a more somber disposition; a realist who rarely softens the edges of life, he is closer to the Joyce of *Dubliners* than to his contemporaries. But, although he shares Joyce's fascination with words, they are not so much the talismans that Joyce eventually made them as tap roots linking his characters to the deeper, inarticulate realities of their lives. If some of the writing seems overdescriptive, what results is nevertheless a sense of authenticity and a conviction that the author chooses not to trade the harshness of his world for stylistic facility. In his best stories some bleak truth is pried loose from its hidden depths and floated to the surface. And it is here that Boyle's meticulous observation pays off.

In *"Meles Vulgaris"* he uses the theme of brutality to define both heroism and cowardice. The strength of this story is in the long, detailed description of a forced "match" between a captured badger and a pack of dogs. Since Boyle is not describing the event for its own sake, we know that it symbolizes some level of human experience. What this is becomes apparent when a married couple recall the excitement of the match years later, with a mixture of pleasure and bitterness. In the man's memory "the voice of the dying badger refused to be silenced":

> For all these years it had resounded in his memory with the urgency of a trumpet call—the wild defiant shout of an animal ringed about with enemies. He had thought to cast himself in this heroic mould. To be a maverick. Forever in the ranks of the embattled minority. Instead there had been a slow erosion of ideals, a cowardly retreat from one decent belief after another until at last he found himself in the ranks of the majority. The ring of craven curs that hemmed in and crushed the unruly, those few who dared cry: *"Non serviam!"*

This is the kind of story that is usually resolved through sexual reconciliation and self-pity. For Boyle, that is too easy. It is pain that lasts. The man has become morally disincarnated, and his awareness of it is unbearable.

In most of these stories betrayal is the name of the game, at times putative ("Suburban Idyll") or imaginary (as in the title story). In "The Lake" an IRA outlaw betrays his oath and is in turn betrayed, but the events are too spare to make this one entirely successful, and the idea is hackneyed. "At Night All Cats Are Grey" is a compromise between art and storytelling and, entertaining though it is, it suffers from a pat and predictable ending. Here is a case where it is better to let the reader supply his own interpretation. But perhaps this is asking too much of the writer.

Boyle can be funny. "Myko" is a wild folktale about a tinker who outwits a bartender-undertaker by returning an unwanted coffin with a corpse inside. (This is one of the few "typically Irish" stories in the book.) "Square Dance" gets its bite from the combination of innocence and of malice that controls the characters' actions; for, generally speaking, Boyle's humor is not to be laughed at. Or, at least, it's no joke. The prevailing mood is gloomy—the tear without the smile, or (if we may mix our nationalities) the *Weltschmerz* without the schmaltz. Boyle seldom tries to redeem his people by padding them with spiritual falsies, and in his really downbeat stories—"Oh Death Where Is Thy Sting-aling-aling" or "Go Away, Old Man, Go Away"—the people are cleansed in a lye that all but dissolves them.

These are not pleasant stories, and we come away from them as we might from some natural catastrophe, grateful that they happened to others.

David Dempsey

David Dempsey, who writes SR's column The Publishing Scene, is especially interested in Irish literature and has visited Eire a number of times.

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THE DEATH COMMITTEE

by Noah Gordon
McGraw-Hill, 361 pp., $6.95

IF NOAH GORDON'S FIRST NOVEL, *The Rabbi*, left us uncertain about where the author was heading, his second one makes all clear. Place Mr. Gordon's name in dollar signs right up there beside the likes of Arthur Hailey and Allen Drury.

The Death Committee could serve as a prototype for the big, fat best-seller. It is written with professional polish, peopled with shallow, predictable and ultimately admirable heroes and heroines, and it portrays its milieu, a Boston general hospital, with the meticulous attention to detail that characterizes such novels.

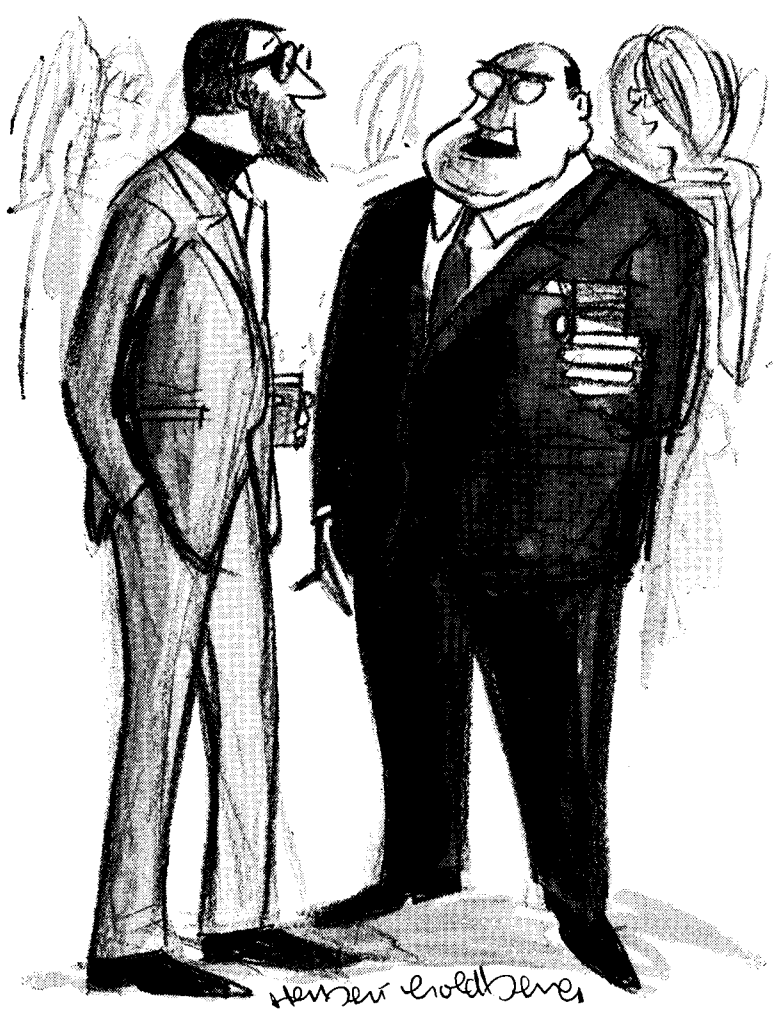
Adam Silverstone is the brilliant, likable Jewish-Italian who wants to make big money in surgery but discovers, in his romance with a Radcliffe girl who may or may not be a hypochondriac (because of her bitter, broken-home background), that dedication is everything. Spurgeon Robinson, the black intern who feels he has betrayed his race by trying to become a professional man, falls in love with a twenty-four-year-old Black Muslim-oriented virgin with Uncle Tom parents. Rafael Meomartino, scion of pre-Castro Cuban gentry, vies with Silverstone for a coming vacancy as chief of surgery and struggles to cope with his nymphomaniac wife. Dr. Harland Longworth, the chief of staff, is dying of kidney disease. And so on.

As soon as the characters and their problems are introduced, you know how they will be resolved. Even the "Death Committee" of the title fails to fulfill its dramatic promise: it's simply the regular staff conference to fix blame, if any, in patients' deaths, and Mr. Gordon leaves it pretty much at that.

Although this is not a bad book (in fact, what Mr. Gordon does he does extremely well), it does not advance beyond the defunct and gratefully forgotten Ben Casey. It's just another well-researched kill-time book that offers a semblance of a special side of life but fails to present either real life or real people.

Joseph Haas

Joseph Haas is an editor and writer for Panorama magazine of the Chicago Daily News.



"Now that you've quoted Sartre, how about listening to some words from Mellon, Frick, and William Buckley?"

Urban Affairs

THE ECONOMY OF CITIES

by Jane Jacobs
Random House, 268 pp., $5.95

TEN YEARS AGO official faith in the urban renewal program was flourishing. The cities' salvation apparently lay in hacking out huge chunks of decaying urban tissue and grafting high-rise luxury apartments, office towers, parking garages, public housing projects, cultural centers, and freeways into the gaping wounds. In 1961 along came Jane Jacobs's first book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, a literary nuclear warhead that exploded on the planners. Mrs. Jacobs compared their methods with medical practice in the mid-nineteenth century, when doctors still drained their patients' blood to purge the evil humors causing disease. Like them, modern urban planners were mutilating cities and draining them of the potential for life. The consequent advent of more sensitive approaches to public housing and urban renewal is largely attributable to Mrs. Jacobs's concept of the city as a delicate, complex organism that can't survive the amputations performed by planners ignorant of its vital processes.

Having vanquished the planners, Mrs. Jacobs now tackles the anthropologists and economists in her second book, *The Economy of Cities*. Though only half as long as its predecessor, this work has more ambitious purposes: to explain the processes through which city economies prosper and expand and to trace the origin of cities in man's evolution. Like George Bernard Shaw attacking the Victorians, Mrs. Jacobs assails the defenders of the traditional "Dogma of Agricultural Primacy" — the doctrine that man was a farmer and villager before he became a city-dweller and that the earliest urban economy was a superstructure built on a rural, agricultural foundation.

According to Mrs. Jacobs's theory, the first cities were settled by hunters *before* the development of agriculture. Then, as now, the urban economy was the foundation of the rural economy; the earliest cities, built in the Neolithic era, established farm villages as specialized colonies (the first company towns) to handle part of the cities' work. Agriculture and animal husbandry developed in the city and moved out to the farm.

(*Continued on page* 49)

C. W. Griffin, Jr., a licensed professional engineer and planner, is the author of the forthcoming book "Frontier Freedoms and Space Age Cities."

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Rock-Folk-Protest Scene

LONG TIME COMING AND A LONG TIME GONE

by Richard Fariña
Random House, 271 pp., $4.95

THE AGE OF ROCK

edited by Jonathan Eisen
Random House, 388 pp., $6.95. Paperback, $1.95

RICHARD FARINA may still be a hero in the eyes of some youth cultists, but heroes wear out so fast these days that it is a little risky to say who is in the running at any given moment. Fariña certainly rates a place, however; born in Brooklyn to Cuban and Irish parents, he rejected middle-class values with the kind of dash that most Statesside Zorbas only dream about. He dropped out of Cornell and went to live in London and Paris; he made several trips to Cuba, presumably to take part in Castro's revolution; he married Joan Baez's sister, Mimi, with whom he made three first-rate recordings of his own folk songs; finally, two days after the publication of his first book, he died in a motorcycle accident at the age of twenty-nine.

His was an intensely colorful and eclectic life while it lasted, a continual assertion of individuality and creative strength. Fariña was so aggressively himself, in fact, that he probably had too much "ego" for most of today's teeny-boppers; he was more tuned in to the beat generation than to the McLuhanized "post-literates" who succeeded them, for, above everything else, he was relentlessly articulate.

The Fariñas' three records have earned them a place in the annals of folk-protest, at any rate, and Fariña's novel, *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me*, which established him as the Ginger Man of the college set, is still selling. His death created a large following of posthumous adorers similar to those who latched onto the memory of James Dean. *Long Time Coming and a Long Time Gone* is a book for the adorers, a loose collection of short stories, song lyrics, poems, and magazine articles, with an introduction by Joan Baez and casual notes by Mimi Fariña. Most of the pieces originally appeared in *Mademoiselle, Playboy, Atlantic Monthly*, and *The Transatlantic Review*; they were not planned as parts of a book.

Long Time Coming and a Long Time Gone is haunted by a paradox. On the one hand, it displays an almost incredible mastery of moods and styles; on the other, it creates an impression of enormous talent lost in a blur of conflicting identities. In the title story Fariña speaks in the voice of a Southern poor white. Later on he becomes Irish, with strong overtones of Dylan Thomas; then somber Cuban, with echoes of Hemingway at his most pompous, and finally slick New York, in a glossy magazine piece about an encounter with some Birchers at a country fair. A few general themes—death, romance, lurking demons, socialism, the decline and fall of America—remind us that all the pieces were written by the same person, but Mimi's observation that "he was so mystical that I still don't know what to think" can only strike a sympathetic chord. Fariña was a brilliant posturer and a vibrant personality, yet the best work surviving him is his songs. One realizes after reading this book that as a writer of prose he never found a voice of his own.

One of the chapters in *Long Time Coming and a Long Time Gone*, a tribute to Joan Baez and Bob Dylan, is reprinted in Jonathan Eisen's *The Age of Rock*, a collection of thirty-eight short pieces that will tell anyone who wants to know where it's at just where it *is* at, much better than the saga of Richard Fariña, which is, after all, only part of the story. Interestingly, however, *The Age of Rock* is dedicated to Fariña's memory, a reflection of the fact that Fariña was a vital part of the rock-folk-protest scene for several years and that the anthology is much closer to Fariña's own literary point of view than its title would suggest.

The Age of Rock is not a book for teeny-boppers, either. It is a genuinely witty assemblage of opinions, interviews, journalistic memoirs, sociological analyses, and literary exegeses. The pieces trace rock from its earliest origins in rhythm and blues and country music to the most sophisticated electronic studio recordings of the moment, with major emphasis on such personalities as the Rolling Stones, the Beatles, Dylan, the Mothers of Invention, Janis Joplin, and James Brown.

The sources of these articles range from essentially left-wing political periodicals—*Partisan Review, Studies on the Left*—to such sybaritic fantasies as the ill-fated *Cheetah*. Basically, however, the emphasis is on sound critical thinking, a good deal of it anything but devotional (Robert Christgau's imperially condescending put-down of rock lyrics, for example). Most of the essays speak in a well-modulated voice of reason with a touch of hip, though at times high (or maybe camp) seriousness creeps in, as in Richard Meltzer's "The Aesthetic of Rock":

> Rock has implicitly operated on this infinitude of random, eclectic evolutionary pathways, something merely suggested by Thomas Pynchon in his *V*. My categories "ponytail rock" (the group the Poni-Tails; "What Is Love?" which describes this emotion as "five feet of heaven with a ponytail"; "Chantilly Lace," with its reference to the hairpiece as a criterion of sociosexual adequacy), "fear-of-loss-of-be-

(*Continued on page* 50)

Henry S. Resnik, the reviewer, is a freelance writer and critic.

—Courtesy Vanguard Records.

Richard and Mimi Fariña—"a symbol of today's youth cult in its early stages."

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The elegant front door of America's science brain bank.

WILL THE SCIENCE BRAIN BANK GO CONGLOMERATE?

DURHAM, N.C.

Legend says that the National Academy of Sciences was invented by Abraham Lincoln to help steer the United States of America safely through a potentially disastrous crisis of identity. According to this piece of folklore, Mr. Lincoln was aided and abetted by farseeing Congressmen who understood the role of science in human enlightenment. That it didn't happen that way; that the Academy actually was conceived by a scientific cabal and authorized by a law passed unwittingly in the dying days of a lameduck Congress; that the one legislative sponsor of the law never showed any interest in science before or after; that the first reaction of scientists outside the cabal was outrage over the betrayal of democratic principles in provision of a self-perpetuating Academy membership—these historical details are overshadowed by the practical fact that Mr. Lincoln did sign the law and so became the Academy's creator.

A few more than a hundred years have passed since that event, and the American people again are in the throes of a historic schism. To the extent that it can be described in blacks and whites, the present-day split is a simple extension of that earlier one, and I find a curiously stimulating symbolism in coming here to try to learn whether the National Academy of Sciences is better prepared than it was a century ago to serve the democracy into which it was born.

The real end of the Civil War occurred about four miles from here. The Union Army of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman and the Confederates commanded by Gen. Joe Johnston were still deployed across the countryside when Robert E. Lee formally capitulated to Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox Court House. The opposing troops continued to confront each other for several weeks after that before their leaders concluded the final agreement to lay down arms. During the interval of suspended violence, an itinerant peddler named Washington Duke packed tobacco back and forth on his mule, selling the stuff indiscriminately to the Blues and to the Grays.

After the soldiers were mustered out and sent home, they grew nostalgic for Mr. Duke's tobacco and ordered it by mail—from North and South alike. The address they used was "Dr. Durham's Store." The store may or may not have been run by a doctor, but the tobacco was supplied by Mr. Duke. To keep the orders coming, he identified the brand as "Bull Durham."

Half a century later, the Duke family owned so vast a part of the cigarette industry that James Buchanan Duke, Washington Duke's son, was characterized by the Supreme Court of the United States as a personal monopoly in restraint of trade; he was instructed by the Court to divest himself of his monopolistic trappings.

Mr. Duke dutifully sold his stock in three cigarette manufacturing companies, using the considerable proceeds to buy, at bargain prices, patches of wilderness bordering various waterfalls along the entire length of the Allegheny Mountain chain. As he had foreseen, these falls soon became desirable sites for generation of electric power. Ultimately, the Duke Power Company grew many times more prof-

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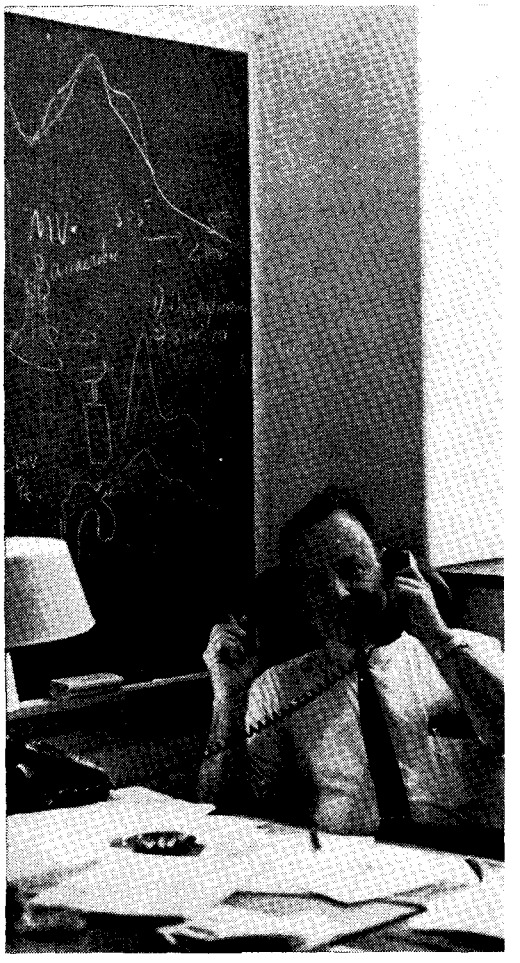

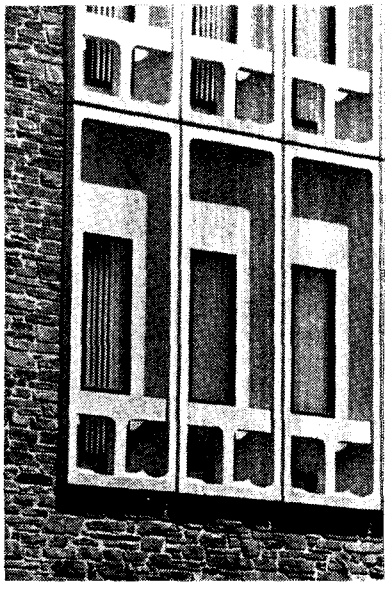

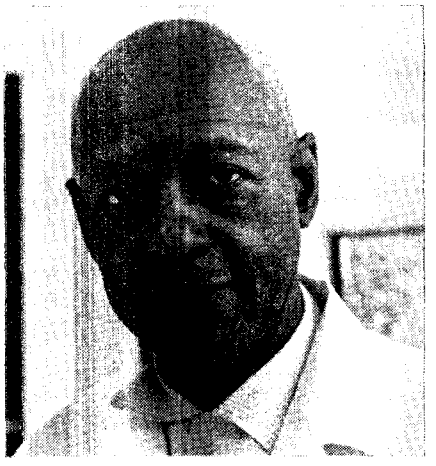

Philip Handler (top) in his Duke lab (facade, left); Sam Sellers, lab's oldest worker (above); Handler's first graduate student, Professor Henry Kamin (right).

fitable than the tobacco monopoly once embodied in James Buchanan Duke's person.

Among the many recipients of Mr. Duke's generosity was Trinity College, a small Methodist school near the farm where he was born. A year before he died in 1925, he indentured a portion of his millions for the conversion of Trinity College into Duke University. Thanks to his largess, Duke University today has a 7,000-acre campus, including the only forest in the country with a forestry school of its own to experiment in its management. Strung neatly across a big clearing in the forest are some buildings called "science row." At the end of the row is an architectural innovation not easy to classify: Duke's home for basic science, in which is housed the distinguished faculty chair of the James B. Duke Professor of Biochemistry. About to vacate this chair on indefinite leave of absence is the retiring chairman of Duke's Department of Biochemistry, Professor Philip Handler, who will spend at least the next six years in Washington, D.C., as president of the National Academy of Sciences.

I have placed the new Academy president in the long perspective of history because that is the perspective in which he presented himself to me. He plainly believes in something that too many modern scientists ignore: the inability of human greatness to thrive in isolation. Relating to the "surround" is to him an imperative that asserts itself at every turn. He knows that he owes his Academy election to his work at Duke and to events that stemmed naturally from it. He knows, too, that he could not have done what he did at Duke if the Civil War had not ended within the reach of Washington Duke's mule.

The great Depression that almost paralyzed the country in 1929 was still being felt in 1939, and jobs of any kind were hard to locate when Handler first came to Durham. Appointments to university faculties were even harder to arrange. Handler considered himself lucky to get an instructor's post at Duke, even though the school was then known only for two Rose Bowl football teams and for Professor J. B. Rhine's studies of extrasensory perception.

Duke, it turned out, was also lucky to get Handler. Born on a New Jersey farm, son of a man with a mechanical bent, he somehow acquired—perhaps intuitively from his father—an intense interest in gadgets. With the family's move to Brooklyn when he was in the fifth grade of public school, he began lugging home from the public library armloads of books about science—up to seven at a time, he recalls. The specific subjects did not matter much, as long as they were scientific. His sense of community soon propelled him into a decision to become a physician.

In the last year of a pre-med course

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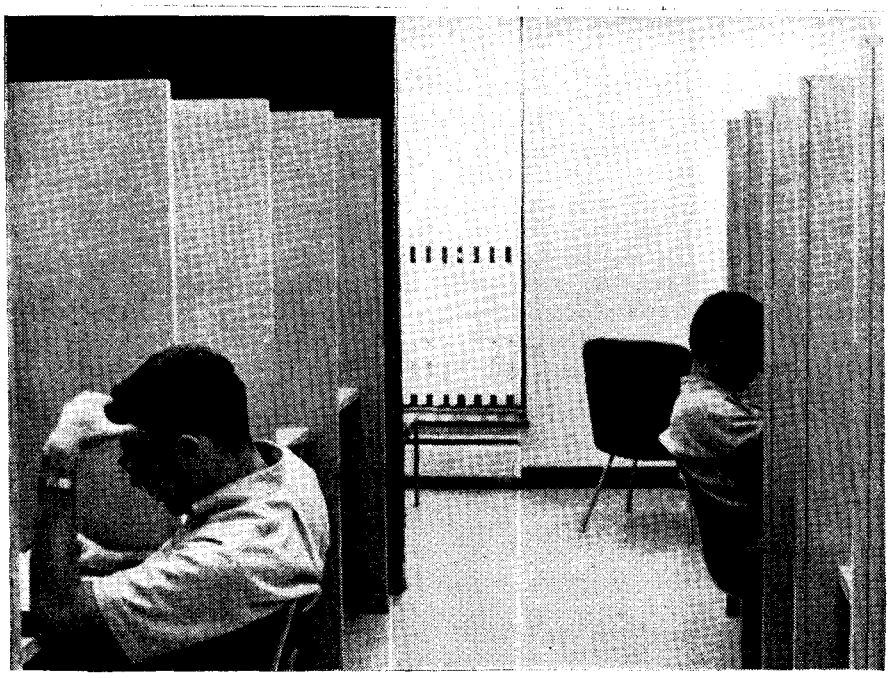

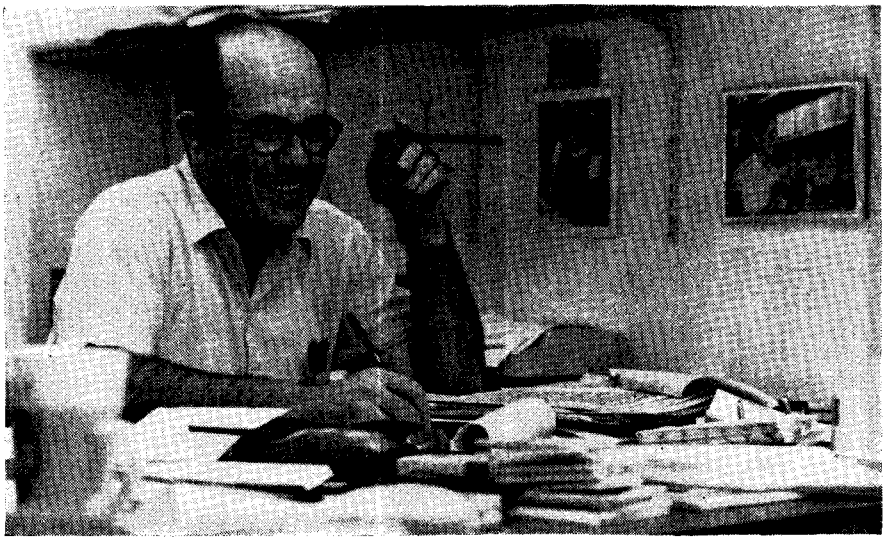

Dr. Philip Handler's photographer son Mark, from the staff of the "Chapel Hill Weekly," took these pictures and those on the page opposite during a visit to his father's lab. Mark found genetics professor Samson Gross (left) in a relaxed mood, new graduate students reading intently (top left) while awaiting assignment of individual lab space, and a stairway to the stars.

at the City College of New York, he discovered a new language he had never heard—or heard of—before. One of CCNY's timeless teachers, Benjamin Harrow, spoke it eloquently. It was biochemistry: the only language, Harrow said, in which living things could be discussed and understood.

Handler at that time was not yet eighteen years old. He had one whole year to devote to study of the biochemical tongue before going to medical school. But where would he do the studying? Harrow suggested the University of Illinois. William Rose was there. Rose had just discovered threonine, the last of the essential amino acids. His feat was the hottest gossip item in the chemical world. So, with Harrow's backing, Handler applied for and obtained the chance to become one of Rose's graduate students.

Since the amino acids are the building blocks from which proteins are made, it was inevitable that Handler's graduate work should be with proteins. It divided itself into a practical phase and a theoretical phase. The practical phase involved interactions of proteins with formaldehyde and their implications for the making of better adhesives and plastics. Ford was already beginning to mold motorcar dashboards from soybeans. As a junior chemist in the Regional Soybean Byproducts Laboratory of the United States Department of Agriculture, Handler learned enough about the processes to obtain two patents which he sold to the Government for "one dollar and other considerations." He remembers collecting the dollar. He still wonders about the "other considerations," but doesn't brood over them because of the incalculably greater rewards he has won from the theoretical aspects of his study. He left Rose's laboratory with a Ph.D. that stamped him as one of the few young men in America with a thorough understanding of the metabolism of amino acids. He had metamorphosed from a biologist intent on learning the language of chemistry to a chemist determined to use the new language to interpret living systems.

Handler had metamorphosed in several other ways. Being quick with his hands and light on his feet, he had taken a brief fling at boxing. It ended with a terrible beating he has never forgotten. Gifted with a fine singing voice, he had gone on stage for a time as a college band accompanist. He still enjoys playing to an audience and still sings on occasion. But the only person whose applause he really cares for is his wife Lucille (nee Marcus), who captivated him from a distance in the lobby of Manhattan's Biltmore Hotel thirty years ago.

The Biltmore elevators in those days were openwork iron cages. When he saw her stepping into one, he jumped into the one beside it and dramatically

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ordered the operator to "Follow that elevator!" He got off the car just in time to see her disappearing into a room down the hall. Violating all the rules of personal conduct that his parents had taught him, he knocked on her door and was quickly advised that her mother had warned her to stay clear of the bold adventure-seekers of New York. Later, back at the University of Illinois, he discovered that she lived a mere campus block away. She married him in time to share his beginnings at Duke here in Durham.

In eight Southern states at that time, the leading cause of death was pellagra. A non-contagious disease, it began with body weakness, mental apathy, loss of appetite, indigestion, and extreme nervous irritation. The skin of victims would roughen, watery diarrhea would develop, headache and depression would follow, then confusion and hallucinations, disorientation in time and place, and finally death.

At Duke, a Cambridge-trained Englishman, William John Dann, was doing research on pellagra under a grant from the Markle Foundation. Handler joined Dann's hunt for vitamins that might solve the pellagra puzzle. They concentrated on nicotinic acid long enough to establish that it was a component of two co-enzymes in the catalytic process that led to the disease. But they could not trace, in any step-by-step fashion, the avenues through which the vitamin worked.

In dogs, the analogue to human pellagra was called "black tongue." Trying to help the pellagra victims, Handler did laboratory experiments on dogs. He noticed that as the black tongue progressed, the animals became severely dehydrated. He decided that death must be due to dehydration. By putting the dogs on a diet heavy with salt and water, he caused the black tongue to disappear. But six months later, the dogs would be down to skin and bones. At autopsy he found shriveled livers.

Obviously, black tongue and its human analogue, pellagra, were nutritional disorders. The victims must be dying of the weakest link in the nutritional chain. What was that link? The classical diet of the southeastern states was fatback, cornmeal, and molasses. However, the southeastern United States was not the only part of the world scourged by pellagra. The disease also took a heavy toll in Italy, Spain, and Egypt. In these countries, the diet had been found to contain a substantial amount of nicotinic acid. Lack of nicotinic acid then could not be the whole answer to the pellagra puzzle. In the mid-1940s, the Duke researchers developed a synthetic diet that included no nicotinic acid. The diet was varied in repeated experiments. When protein was low, the animals died with shriveled livers without developing black tongue. When the protein was high, the dogs lived on.

With these facts in hand, it was possible to piece together the real story of pellagra—after results of related research at the University of Wisconsin were in place. At Wisconsin, experiments were done on rats. The rats proved not to need nicotinic acid in their diet; they made their own. Therefore, it was not enough to add nicotinic acid to the diet to cure pellagra. The diet also had to include whatever it was that the rats used to make nicotinic acid. This turned out to be tryptophan. In the end it was the tryptophan that put pellagra into its true perspective. Corn had very little tryptophan in it. Pellagra, basically, was a corn-eating people's disease.

In the course of those experiments, Handler and his research associates immersed themselves ever deeper in the secrets of life. They learned, for example, that the mammalian body follows a strict and rigorously logical system of priorities in the use it makes of protein available to it. The first priority goes to manufacture of hemoglobin, the chemical in red blood cells that carries energy-giving oxygen to the tissues. The second priority is given to the making of blood plasma proteins: the albumin that prevents the arteries and veins from leaking, the globulins that carry antibodies to fight off infection, the fibrinogen on which clots form in times of crisis. Not until these fundamental requirements of survival are met does the body divert incoming protein to the rebuilding of tissues.

Far down at the molecular level of life, Handler studied the movement of electrons and found—as other scientists did—fascinating parallels between the internal happenings in proteins and the events that follow capture of light by the chlorophyll in green plants. He devised ways of putting enzymes to work on tailoring molecules especially for laboratory purposes. He performed experiments that strongly suggested a common genetic ancestor for men, flounders, and rabbits, as well as chickens, sweet potatoes, and microbes.

Three years after coming to Duke, Handler was an assistant professor of physiology and nutrition at the School of Medicine. Three years after that, he became associate professor of biochemistry. After five more years, he was professor of biochemistry and chairman of the biochemistry department. Eleven years later came the honor of assuming the James B. Duke chair.

Given native imagination, thorough

—National Academy of Sciences.

Dr. Detlev Wulf Bronk—"the most imaginative president the National Academy of Sciences has ever had."

intellectual preparation, and a rare degree of determination, it is not overwhelmingly difficult for a virile personality like Philip Handler to drive up through the hierarchy of academe. But the National Academy of Sciences is the science brain bank of America. Its internal workings are as obscure to most people—indeed, to most of its members—as is the elaborate decision-making apparatus of the Vatican. How did Handler become president of the Academy only five years after his own election to Academy membership?

There was precious little time for internal politicking, even if he had held minor Academy office as a base of operations. And he held no Academy office whatever prior to the placement of his name on the ballot for the presidency. In all the thousands of words that have been written about his accession to this high office on July 1, no reasonable explanation of the phenomenon has appeared. I asked Handler if he would tell me how it came about. He says he isn't entirely sure, but he thinks the process began with an accident of timing like the one that put Mr. Duke's mule where it was at the close of the Civil War.

It seems that the American Society of Biological Chemists was looking for a secretary at the time Handler was moving into the chairmanship of Duke's biochemistry department. Since scientific societies are chronically short of funds for administrative purposes, the biological chemists were focusing their search on institutions that might provide free space for the secretary's office. Duke University had seldom reflected any pinching of funds. As its

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—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Dr. George Kistiakowsky, after visiting India, begged President Eisenhower "to do something to dramatize" birth control.

new chairman of biochemistry, Handler was a prime candidate for secretary of the chemists, a job he accepted just in time to square off with the late United States Senator from Wisconsin, Joseph McCarthy.

McCarthy was insisting that all scientists receiving government funds in support of their research should sign loyalty oaths. Handler's mind was too independently disposed to consider any such restriction. He drafted an opposing resolution that other scientific societies copied after the chemists passed it. The effect was multiplied by Handler's old conviction that science had to seek the understanding and acceptance of the surrounding community. For the first time in years, the American Society of Biological Chemists published a brochure to encourage the young to take up biochemistry as a career. It also began to invite to its meetings lecturers from other scientific disciplines and even from precincts of culture beyond the borders of science.

As secretary of the biological chemists, Handler automatically became involved in the affairs of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology. As a functionary of the federation, he was a natural choice for membership in the biochemical study section of the National Institutes of Health: the advisory panel that decides on the worthiness of applications for NIH grant money. As a member of this advisory panel, Handler acquired the biggest audience he ever played to. He wrote his own lines and delivered them with emphasis that came from the heart.

In his own research at Duke—whether it had to do with pellagra, alleviation of severe burns, the purine breakdown products of DNA-RNA, parathyroid tumors, or the relationship of a rice diet to pituitary hormones—Handler had seen the virtual impossibility of predicting where a chosen line of research would go, even when the line originally had been directed along a particular path. As a member of the NIH advisory panel, he witnessed the degrading spectacle of reputable scientists parading patent falsehoods before their government patron. These transparently contrived lies were fabricated to get around a law that said NIH could grant no money for projects not clearly related to the mission of NIH, which was to say the clinical treatment of disease. Handler endured patiently for a while; then his intellectual integrity staged a rebellion.

There simply had to be a way to ask honestly for money for research that could promise no foreseeable outcome. He went privately to Senator Lister Hill of Alabama and then to Representative John Fogarty of Rhode Island, the two most conspicuous champions of federal subsidy for biomedical research, and laid his proposition before them. At the next session of Congress, a limited appropriation was put through for the specific purpose Handler sought. Later, a brand new institute was added to the National Institutes of Health—the National Institute of General Medical Sciences—as a clearinghouse for basic research projects. That agency today spends more government research money than any other arm of the health establishment.

Even before the new engine of medical science financing was installed, Handler had acquired heroic proportions in the eyes of fellow scientists, especially the biologists. Who could better represent them in their pleas for support from the National Science Foundation? Almost as a matter of course, Handler became a member of NSF's biological research facilities panel, then a member of its divisional committee for biology and medicine. Presidential appointment to the National Science Board—the group that sets NSF policy—followed, and after that the vice chairmanship and finally the chairmanship of the board. Handler was plainly "Mr. Biology of America."

Handler was elected to membership in the National Academy of Sciences in 1964, the same year in which he was appointed to the President's Science Advisory Committee. It is not true, despite frequent repetition of the story, that he was the first representative of the life sciences to sit among the White House elite. The original spokesman for the biological sciences on PSAC was Dr. Detlev Wulf Bronk, the longest tenured and by far the most imaginative president the Academy of Sciences has ever had.

Bronk came out of the old Academy tradition, which held that the prestige of membership was all that truly mattered. Scientific advice was given to the Government, as provided by the charter Lincoln signed, only upon request and then reluctantly. On a single occasion, at the outbreak of World War I, the honorable assemblage roused itself to perform a major service to democracy by attaching to its body a workaday arm, the National Research Council, which helped to repulse the Kaiser's armies. When World War II roared over the horizon, this working arm had gotten so little interim exercise that its muscles were atrophied; President Franklin D. Roosevelt therefore bypassed the Academy and summoned a former Massachusetts Institute of Technology dean of engineering, Dr. Vannevar Bush, from the Carnegie Institution of Washington to put together an Office of Scientific Research for Defense.

Bronk could not entirely escape this musty tradition; he had belonged to it for too long, first being the Academy's foreign secretary and then the president of NRC. Loyalties won during that extended service put him into the Academy presidency by a voice vote from the floor in opposition to the notable named on the formal ballot: Professor James N. Conant of Harvard. But none of that could block Bronk's vision, which had an enormous range. In pursuit of it, he broke Academy precedent repeatedly.

Bronk habitually quotes Francis Bacon and Benjamin Franklin in support of the principle that science cannot for long recognize national boundaries or prejudices. It is for this global view that he would prefer to be noticed in history books. Seen in this perspective, his most remarkable action as Academy president was taken privately. In personal conversation with John D. Rockefeller 3d, he suggested the wisdom of studying ways and means of slowing down Earth's rapidly proliferating population. Not long after that talk, Rockefeller money baptized The Population Council.

Thus the groundwork was laid for unpremeditated performance of a prodigy by the inscrutable workings of the Academy apparatus. The performance itself did not begin until an eminent Academy member, Harvard chemist George Kistiakowsky, became the late President Dwight D. Eisenhower's chief science adviser. On a

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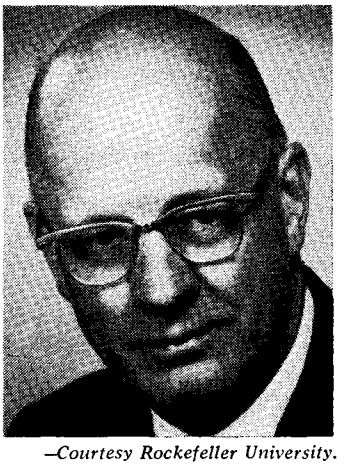
—U.P.I.

Congressman Emilio Daddario of Connecticut (opposite), looking for a way to set priorities for science spending, sought help from Academy president Frederick Seitz (immediately below) and Academy's COSPUP chairman Harvey Brooks (below, left). Academy thus acquired a broader mandate to attack the problems of a divided society. Philip Handler, new president of the Academy, has inherited this mandate. Can he execute it?

—Courtesy Harvard University.



—Courtesy Rockefeller University.

presidential mission, Kistiakowsky visited India for the first time in his life. He came home appalled by the poverty and suffering imposed by the sheer numbers of India's people. He begged Eisenhower to do something to dramatize the importance of birth control. Eisenhower refused "to intrude into peoples' bedrooms."

Immediately upon his retirement from presidential service, Kistiakowsky appealed to Bronk to take the initiative that Eisenhower had rejected. As godfather of The Population Council, Bronk had no difficulty in wheedling from the Council a grant of $5,000 to pay the expenses of an Academy study of the population explosion.

Having lifted a weight from Kistiakowsky's conscience, Bronk felt free to invite Kistiakowsky to reciprocate. Bronk's own conscience was laden with the gist of a series of letters that Kistiakowsky had written to him before the end of the Eisenhower regime.

The letters pointed out that government spending for science, which had been escalating steadily for a long period, would have to be slowed. Other sectors of society desperately needed money to attack immediate and threatening problems. What could the Academy do to help set science priorities? Kistiakowsky had tried to persuade one richly supported scientific discipline— high energy physics—to take a hard look at itself in relation to the culture enfolding it. The attempt was a dismal failure. Could the Academy possibly establish an overview committee of broad-gauged men to do an across-the-board audit of science?

Recalling that exchange of correspondence, Bronk now offered to appoint some such committee if Kistiakowsky would chair it. To sweeten the bait, Bronk stipulated that the committee's initial assignment would be a population study entailing a broader standard of public service for the Academy.

Kistiakowsky accepted the assignment. Bronk named what later became a standing Committee on Science and Public Policy (COSPUP). A report on the global population crisis was issued, and when it was criticized for advising other nations to do what Americans themselves seemed to have no serious interest in doing, a second report was specifically aimed at the population problems of the United States. In it, for the first time, a prestigious scientific body recommended publicly that the federal government subsidize distribution of explicit birth control information to the citizenry.

After a dozen years of life under two successive chairmen (Kistiakowsky and Harvard Professor Harvey Brooks) and two Academy presidents (Bronk and Dr. Frederick Seitz), COSPUP today still falls short of functioning as a clearinghouse for science's responsibility to society. COSPUP has not even been involved in two of the most significant Academy actions of recent years: the classification of useless drugs to be ordered off the market by the United States Food and Drug Administration under the Harris-Kefauver Law, and the report that said supersonic transport planes should not be allowed to rake the countryside with thunderous booming by flying overland. COSPUP is not geared to motivate the work of either the Academy's highway research board or its building construction research board, both of which ought to be making fundamental contributions to solution of the urban crisis. But to say this is not to say that COSPUP has been moribund. No one who takes the trouble to look closely at the record can fail to feel the spirit of public service pervading the headquarters of COSPUP's hard-working secretary, Robert Green, a young Kansan who preserves the Midwestern trait of plain speaking and direct dealing.

It was Green who, at Kistiakowsky's instigation and with the subsequent encouragement of Brooks, began exploring a path on which he met congressional committee staffman Philip Yeager halfway. Yeager, under instructions from Connecticut Congressman Emilio Daddario's subcommittee of the House Committee on Science and Astronautics, was looking for the best scientific advice he could get on priorities for congressional action in support of science. Green was looking for a respectable chance to broaden the area of receptivity to suggestions the Academy might generate through COSPUP. Up to that time, virtually all the Academy's advice had been funneled into departments of the Executive branch of the Government. Congress had been shunned as a treacherous nest of selfish opportunists.

Through Yeager and Green, Daddario invited COSPUP and other key Academy members to relaxed backyard gatherings at his home. Dr. Frederick Seitz, who by that time headed the Academy hierarchy full time, moved more warily, asking members of the Daddario subcommittee to formal Academy functions. Gradually, the scientists came to see occasional good in the politicians, while the politicians came to believe that the scientists were human. At last, Daddario felt

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sufficiently confident of the growing bond of mutual trust that he asked for a COSPUP report on how Congress should order its appropriations for basic science.

Though adroitly disguised in baroque semantics, this was the old issue of priorities that the Academy always had avoided. COSPUP avoided it, too, turning in what amounted to a reminder that the setting of priorities was properly the business of the Congress. Daddario tried again, asking COSPUP for a report on appropriate directions for applied research to follow. Again, COSPUP dodged consensus but did come up with a varied batch of approaches. Daddario tried a third time, appropriating money for two different studies of the feasibility of predicting and attempting to forestall undesirable social effects of technology. One study was assigned to COSPUP, the other to the National Academy of Engineering, which had been organized in the year 1964 under the charter of the Academy. Due to be published before the end of the summer, these reports will reflect the Academy's adjustment to the social crisis.

The slow accretion of the COSPUP concept is undoubtedly related to Philip Handler's election as president of the Academy. Such respected and popular scientists as *Science*'s editor Philip Abelson, COSPUP chairman Brooks, and Academy foreign secretary Harrison Brown would not have withdrawn their names from the nominating list as early as they did without first assuring themselves that the honor and authority of the presidency would not be jeopardized. All these men were aware that the Academy staff and membership had been violently split for several years over the tardiness of what one of the elder statesmen delicately describes as "certain evolutionary changes." Put briefly, these changes would work for more selective acceptance of government requests for advice, greater independence of judgment in rendering the advice, and a much greater involvement of the whole membership of the Academy in the shaping of the advice. Perhaps the most significant action taken by Handler's predecessor in the Academy presidency, Dr. Seitz, was initiation of an endowment fund drive designed to make Academy operations less dependent on government fees, which now total 85 per cent of the Academy's operating budget.

In conversation with me here, Handler has confirmed his personal belief in the desirability of a major evolutionary change. His thinking begins with the fact that the Academy membership as presently constituted is far from reflecting the scope of prevalent social concerns. Although England has only a fraction of the population of the United States, the Royal Society of London has as many members as the Academy does. Although there are a hundred medical schools in the United States, with a total faculty many times that number, the Academy has only twenty-two medical men on its rolls. The NRC, on which the Academy depends for the bulk of its work, is organized by traditional scientific disciplines, whereas most of the challenges society now presents to science require interdisciplinary responses.

To an outsider, solution of the dilemma seems easy. Having worked all his life within science, Handler knows the opposite is true. He obviously cannot say to his Academy colleagues, "Let's not elect any more physicists as members until the biologists and the social scientists catch up." Social scientists especially must be recognized. A handful of them are in the Academy now, and Herbert Simon has made skillful use of their talents in the behavioral science unit he heads. But his lack of a larger and broader constituency has stopped the Academy from approaching many problems. What Handler has to devise is an unabrasive way of making up the deficit. At least a year or a year and a half will be required for preliminary reconnaissance. The speed of what happens after that will be determined to a considerable degree by what happens in Vietnam. Without peace, science will have no more new money to spend than anyone else.

Handler has already demonstrated where he stands on the issue of the war by flatly declining a request that he serve on the scientific research advisory board of the Pentagon. Retiring Academy President Seitz had not only sat on this board but had served as the board's chairman for several years. Seitz told me the Academy presidency automatically carries with it ex officio membership on this Pentagon body. Nevertheless, Handler has declined to serve on the grounds that he has no competence in military thinking.

Under the Handler regime, Congressman Daddario may get more sharply pointed advice from the Academy than he has bargained for. For Handler has observed that the Academy charter, thus far interpreted to allow only passive reaction to government requests for help, actually contains no prohibition against initiative from the Academy.

Handler is already known for willingness to seek out inconspicuous staff people three and four tiers down from the names that make the news. He is equally at ease at the top of the heap, and enjoys playing song-and-dance man when such performance holds promise of a payoff. The chairman of the committee on which Daddario serves —Congressman George Miller of California—once interrupted a formal hearing to praise Handler's rendition of "On the Road to Mandalay." Miller insisted that Handler was the only man in Washington who knew all the words to that rollicking ballad. But Handler told the people at the hearing that Miller knew the words every bit as well; he and Miller had sung them together many times.

By pulling more scientists into the act, Handler may to some degree be able to dissipate a persistent cause of dissatisfaction with the American scientific advisory apparatus. This is the occupancy of overlapping jobs by powerfully placed individuals. A student of government who speaks more bluntly than most of his colleagues points out that "Detlev Bronk, Harvey Brooks, Philip Handler, and many others have given the Government supposedly disinterested advice from the Academy and then have implemented that advice as policymaking members of the National Science Board, thus establishing the principle that a reigning scientist may both advocate and

THE REAL LIMITS

MOST OF OUR social problems are not science-limited. By "science" I mean an understanding of the physical world as distinguished from the social world. There is not much more we have to know about science in order to be able to deal with these problems. The limitations are social, political, and economic rather than scientific.

We need the will to solve the problems and the mechanisms to get at them.

Second, we need to bring together creative persons who, on the one hand, are able to understand the needs of the society in which they live, and, on the other, are sufficiently familiar with the techniques and capabilities of science to be able to invent politically and socially feasible solutions.

Changing a society is always difficult, and the fellow who does that changing must be willing to take personal risk.

—J. HERBERT HOLLOMON,
in *Education for Innovation*,
(Pergamon Publishing Company, $6).

J. Herbert Hollomon was assistant secretary for science and technology, U. S. Department of Commerce, and is now president, University of Oklahoma.

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judge his own cause." Handler says he will continue as a member of the National Science Board but will resign the chairmanship of the board and a directorship he has held in the Squibb-Beechnut Company.

Whether the National Academy of Sciences will prove adequate to the needs of today's divided society is an open question. In preparing this report, I asked the opinions of a selected group of scientists, scientific administrators, and legislators concerned with science as a social force. One influential Senator said: "It may be preferable for Congress to inquire into the nature of the mandate it gave this organization so casually a century ago."

As I noted earlier, the Academy charter has already been employed to cover the creation of a National Academy of Engineering. Before very long, the realization of an Academy of Medicine may be expected under the NAS aegis. Will even those institutions together be enough? Handler has considered the problem and occasionally has dreamed—he won't discuss it except as a dream—of a single American Academy to serve all sectors of the society equally. Such a conglomerate seems far in the future, but it may be the only alternative to disintegration.

An embryo that could grow into an American Academy has been in being since 1944. It is the Conference Board of Research Councils. Once a year, sometimes more often, it brings together representatives of the National Academy of Sciences, the Social Science Research Council, the American Council on Education, and the American Council of Learned Societies to exchange information of common interest. One regular item of business is nomination of candidates for post-doctoral Fulbright Scholarships. One extraordinary mission will be finished this year with publication by Russell Sage Foundation of a report on manpower studies of the Presidential Commission on Human Resources and Advanced Education. This report may focus attention anew on the ludicrously small membership of the National Academy of Sciences—839 men and seven women.

Philip Handler is a hard-driving man. He can exasperate those who disagree with his objectives. His daring is conceded by his severest critics. What they dispute is his ability to harness his boldness for the general good of society when that is in conflict with the selfish interests of science. A mild example of what they fear was the recent White House fracas over Cornell Professor Franklin Long's nomination as director of the National Science Foundation. Handler helped to advertise that affair as a partisan political intrusion into the province of science. Actually, under the usual rules of politics, Long—a Democrat and a declared opponent of some of President Nixon's policies—would not have been eligible for a presidential appointment. Yet, he was nominated by the National Science Board under Handler's chairmanship and his name was cleared in the customary way with the two Senators from his home state, New York. The appointment was withdrawn at the last moment because of protests from the conservative Republicans who had put Nixon into office. The President was not guilty of political direction; he was obligated to exercise it; he simply backed down on a commitment.

Because of his proclaimed concern with bringing the Academy more into tune with society's needs, Handler lacks the freedom enjoyed by his more magisterial predecessor, Dr. Seitz, who frankly considered the Academy a part of the Establishment and left it to the press to expose abuses that might arise from that relationship (a responsibility the press has not understood).

When asked where he is going, Handler says he can't tell until he sees where his current experiment takes him. But we know where he has been (here at Durham, building from scratch one of the top ten biochemical schools in the country; at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, in the summers, with the "invisible Academy" of the biological science; at Washington, shaping biological science into a force almost certain to dominate the close of the twentieth century) and who has intimately shared his travels—principally his wife Lucille and their two sons, school teacher Eric Paul, and news photographer Mark (on the *Chapel Hill Weekly*). We know, too, that although Handler is retaining title to the chair of James B. Duke Professor of Biochemistry, he is abandoning a beautiful Durham hilltop home surrounded by grass, trees, and flowers that he planted himself. He has encouraged the Academy to sell the quarter-million-dollar mansion in Washington that goes with the presidency in order to allow him to live in the posh Watergate West apartments. "We don't think the home of the Academy president should be a museum exactly, but we do expect to furnish the apartment with the best we can find of America," he says. Somewhere among the Americana will be a herd of 300 miniature cows. They are all sizes and breeds, including at least one Brahman (see photo, page 38). Some are of clay, some of ceramic, some of metal, some of wood. He says he doesn't know why he keeps the cows, except that he likes cows. Maybe they are a subconscious recognition of the importance in his life of Bull Durham and Washington Duke's mule. —JOHN LEAR.

WHAT WE CAN'T KNOW

by JACOB BRONOWSKI

Of course, we never know with certainty what the social consequences of any discovery will be. Who would have thought that the unfortunate character who invented photographic film would have been responsible for the California film industry? And thus, indirectly, for contracts that would prevent film stars from having affairs that might give rise to gossip and scandal? That consequently stars would lead their love life in public, by repeated divorce and marriage? That therefore the beautiful pin-ups of films would, in time, become the models of the divorce business? And the climax, that one-third of all marriages contracted this year in California are going to end in divorce—all because somebody invented the process of printing pictures on a celluloid strip?

On the same lines (which I leave you to trace), who would have supposed that Henry Ford's devising of the sequential method of assembling a motorcar would finally result in upsetting the whole moral code of the American middle classes? For it is evident now that the car provided young people with more privacy than the home, and that as a result it became usual to begin sexual experience on the backseat of a motorcar.

Although my examples may seem extravagant, they are not. The fact is that, in a strange way, the side effects of technical innovation are more influential than the direct effects, and they spread out in a civilization to transform its behavior, its outlook, and its moral ethic. For morality is an organization of life that grows spontaneously from activities, and not a

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Jacob Bronowski, one of the foremost living philosophers of science, is a senior fellow and trustee of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies. The remarks here constitute a preview of a forthcoming Columbia University Press Book, *The Environment of Change* edited by Aaron W. Warner, Dean Morse, and Thomas E. Cooney. Contents copyright © 1969 by Columbia University Press, and reproduced by special permission.

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formula taken ready-made from somebody else.

Of course, we can foresee that certain modern technical developments will have profound social consequences. But we do not know what these are going to be. Let us take a simple example. I have no doubt that before my children finish the childbearing age, say roughly during the next twenty or thirty years, it will become a trivial matter for them to go to the doctor and say, "We've had two girls. We want a boy." The doctor will then be able to guarantee, with 95 per cent assurance, a male child.

We have no idea what the social consequences of this will be. They might be manifold. It might suddenly become modish to have girls. The cover of *Vogue* or *Life* might carry a picture of an alluring-looking woman, and all parents would suddenly decide to have girls. After all, many parents named their daughters "Shirley" not so many years ago.

On the other hand, what might happen is what was tried in Italy and in Germany. There the Fascists tried to encourage people to have boys. It is not out of the question that if the Chinese knew the secret of producing boys and were not producing enough, they would suddenly switch to this practice. (And, you know, what we think about Chinese militarism, the Chinese think about American.)

The birth control pill already has had many social consequences; it will have more profound ones, and some that are unforeseeable. It is already evident that the particular female hormones which produce a good birth control pill also keep the female reproductive cycle going long beyond its present span. As a result, women of fifty and sixty years go on ovulating and, unexpectedly, have the look of younger women—fresher skin, hair, and eyes. Consequently, the whole relation between the old and the young may change. Our society is geared to relations in which women think a man in his fifties still attractive, but men think a woman in her fifties unattractive. Now we may be within a generation of seeing that reversed.

We also now have the unusual situation that men in their thirties and early forties are unexpectedly attractive to many teen-age girls. This is because the American government has chosen astronauts from that age group, and they have ousted the young Italian film star and the young Frenchman as objects of adoration. Who would have thought that the invention of space rocketry would lead to an age shift in the image of the ideal man among many teen-age girls?

I want now to draw your attention to some foreseeable social consequences of modern technology. Whenever people talk about genetic control in biology, they immediately ask such questions as, "Are we all going to be monsters? Or supermen? And what's going to happen to kids like mine?" But, of course, that is *not* where genetics will be important in the near future. Genetics will begin to have its first influence in smaller ways.

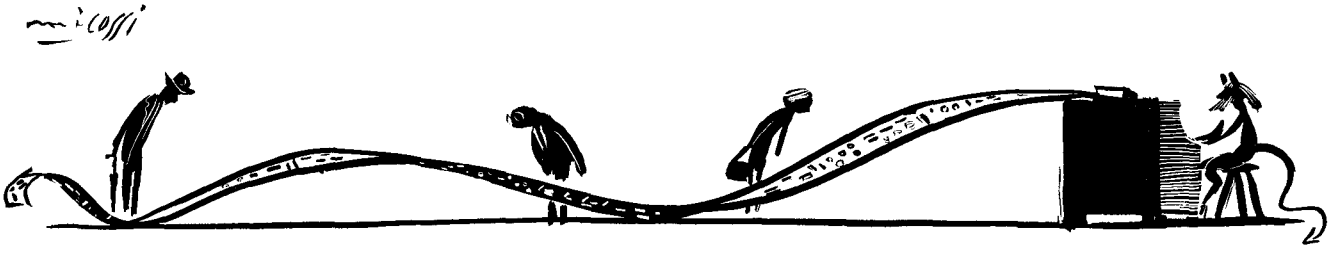
For example, the kinds of plants and domestic animals that we breed will be much more nearly tailor-made than they are today. I would like to give two examples. To prepare you for these, let me ask first what is going to be the single greatest technological change in the physical sciences over the next twenty or thirty years. My guess is that desalting of sea water is going to be the most important advance for overall world development. Without this the whole complex problem of bringing underdeveloped countries to an acceptable level of economics, education, and political maturity is insoluble.

If we propose to desalt sea water so as to make it fit for drinking, we are setting a task which is really foolish, because we already have all the drinking water that we need. If we were to keep drinking water now only for drinking, and use the rest of the water for watering plants and other purposes, there would be no shortage of drinking water. So the obvious thing is to have desalinization processes which leave water as brackish as plants can stand it. A great deal of research in desert countries such as Israel is directed to this end.

I guess that the single most important biological contribution to world peace will be to produce plants which grow effectively in quite salty water. This follows from what we know about diminishing return. If we are going to knock out all the salt in sea water, it is going to cost many times more than if we need only knock down 80 per cent of the salt. So if somebody can come along and breed plants which can grow in 20 per cent of the total salt content of sea water, we shall have the means to take a long economic stride. This is the kind of advance that biology in general and genetics in particular will make.

The other example I have in mind concerns the breeding of animals. The potentially most useful animal that we lack at the moment is a sea animal that really harvests the sea efficiently. The countryside is full of animals which do a fairly good job of turning indigestible protein such as grass into digestible protein such as milk, eggs, and meat. But in the sea, although there are such animals, they do it extremely inefficiently. If you take the smallest vegetable algae in the sea and think of the number of steps necessary before they are turned into a sizable fish you can eat—say, a sardine—the answer is discouraging. At present, it takes three tons of algae to feed the small plankton that feed the larger plankton and so on until they make one sardine. This is a ridiculous ratio: three tons of algae to make one sardine. Nobody would breed cows or pigs if that was the required ratio from vegetable to animal. So we are badly in need of sea animals—particularly a scavenging pig of the sea—which have a higher efficiency than this. I have no doubt that we will breed them in the long run. There is no biological reason why we should not.

Familiarity with these modern ideas is the best way of guessing the social consequences. I may know more about biology than many of you, but about social consequences we all start equal. If you know the facts, if you immerse yourself in the facts, you will be more farsighted than the next man. You may come up with a practical or social gimmick before anybody else. But for this purpose it is necessary to be immersed in the new science, not to run out behind the field and start building computers when everybody else has already gone into biology.



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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

The Moon Landing

I WAS very impressed with John Lear's perceptive and timely descriptions of lunar mascons and their significantly strong gravitational pull on Apollo spacecraft in "The Hidden Perils of a Lunar Landing" [*SR*, June 7]. The problems which beset NASA in predicting Apollo lunar orbits and landing trajectories become evident from reading Lear's quotation of an interview conducted two months ago between newsmen and NASA mission planner Emil Schiesser. Schiesser stated that the theoretical gravitational shape of the moon used for predicting the *Apollo 8* orbit was "the equivalent of a flattened basketball stretched along the Earth-moon line," but admitted that this model worked poorly in practice for *Apollo 8*. He went on to say that the large errors decreased to smaller ones when three belts were superimposed onto the oblate basketball. Finally, he pictured the mascons as smaller local effects as opposed to the belts which indicate "a gross shape that no way comes near reflecting the presence of a mascon."

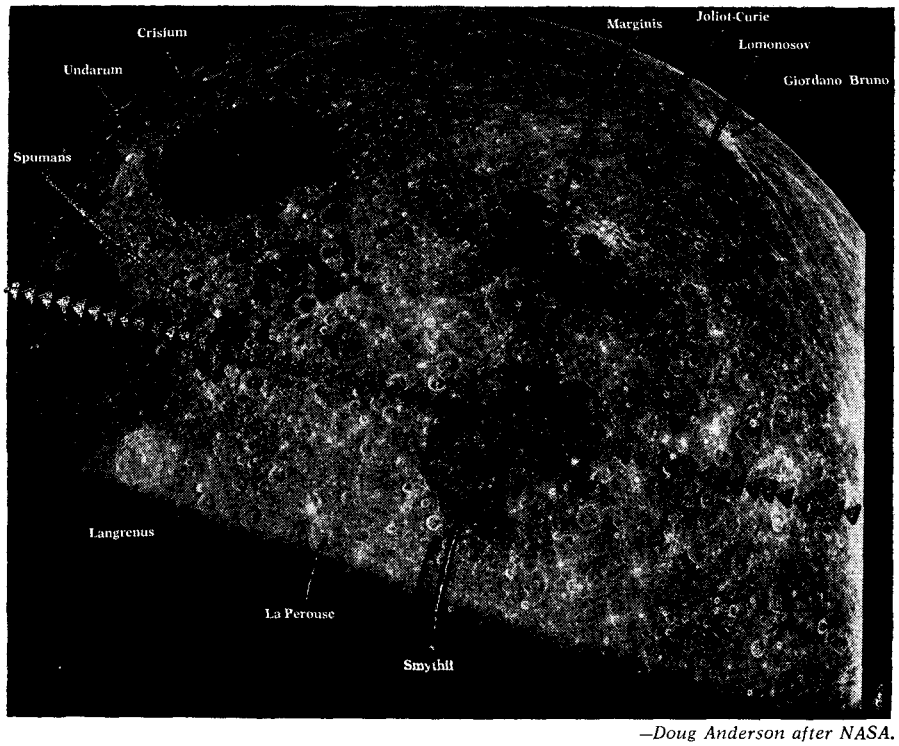
I believe that the deviation of the moon from a gravitationally perfect sphere is due principally to the mascons themselves, and that this might be where the mission planners in Houston are having their troubles. I presented reasonably straightforward evidence for this in the journal *Nature* (December 28, 1968) by taking the mass and location of each mascon (fairly well known for those on the nearside hemisphere) and summing their influences. This simple calculation shows that mascons in the six large circular seas on the nearside hemisphere can account for nearly half of the so-called flattening and stretching of the moon, with the rest of the deviation probably contributed by mascons on the farside hemisphere. In other words, the largest mascons tend to be located near the lunar equator and close to the Earth-moon line, where they collectively could account for Schiesser's bulges and belts.

I hope along with John Lear that the mission planners in Houston understand the total effect of mascons on an Apollo spacecraft before next month's trip to the surface of the moon. Perhaps the flaws in NASA's model of the lunar gravity field will be either corrected or considered within mission constraint from *Apollo 10* experience.

In any case, some of us at Cornell think that trouble may lurk from large mascons on the backside of the moon. Such mascons are difficult to put into the models because space vehicles passing over them are hidden from view and cannot be tracked from Earth.

BRIAN O'LEARY,
Ithaca, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Although NASA's Emil Schiesser, before the voyage of Apollo 10, had expressed confidence that Apollo 10 would stay within a half-mile's distance of the lunar points Apollo 11 was scheduled to pass over, Apollo 10's Commander Thomas Stafford reported afterward that the spaceship actually passed four miles south of the landing site chosen for Apollo 11. "We would have had to burn an awful lot of fuel to get back on target," he told reporters in Houston. "It would have been a rough job." Eugene Cernan, pilot of the lunar landing boat on the Apollo 10 mission, pointed out that a last-minute course correction would have had to take place within sight of "a rough crater chain at the bottom of the landing site with some mean-looking peaks inside the craters." Stafford said the mascon in Crater Smythii (see photomap below, reproduced from SR, June 7) had hauled Apollo 10 off course (marked by arrows on the photomap). Smythii pulled Apollo 10 sharply toward the moon, thus accelerating the spacecraft's speed by 14 miles an hour and altering its direction by one-hundredth of a degree for each hour. But NASA, declining to take further time to iron out the risks, scheduled the landing for July.*



—Doug Anderson after NASA.

I'D LIKE TO mention another hidden peril of a lunar landing. If there are microscopic spores or other life forms on the moon, the announced precautions to protect Earth from back-contamination are grossly inadequate. NASA is planning a three-week quarantine for the returning astronauts and moon samples, but a three-week quarantine would not even be long enough to protect against many serious infectious diseases on Earth. Examples are tuberculosis, leprosy, rabies, sporotrichosis, kuru, and sheep scrapie. The "biological accident" type of disease, exemplified by ergotism (St. Anthony's fire), and alimentary toxic aleukia, also, could not be eliminated by the three-week quarantine. In addition, a crash on return to Earth would nullify all quarantine plans.

The chances that life exists on the moon may be small, but since one of the announced reasons for the trip is a search for life, those chances cannot be dismissed as negligible. Unless NASA makes some major changes in its plans, there is a possibility of an astrodemic affecting terrestrial life.

SOLOMON GARB, M.D.,
Professor of Pharmacology and
Associate Professor of
Community Health,
Missouri Regional Medical Program,
Columbia, Mo.

Heyerdahl's Voyage

"THOR HEYERDAHL'S NEXT VOYAGE" [*SR*, May 3] was fascinating. After twenty-three years in Chile, sixteen of them among the Araucanian Indians, I, also, have formulated some theories about ethnic origins. I know the coast of South America and the Humboldt Current from the Strait of Magellan to Panama, and from there across the Pacific to New Zealand, always by boat. I have been in Callao and Tahiti, so I also know both ends of the *Kon-Tiki* trip, a fabulous voyage that has doubtless helped to authenticate the probability of western journeys across the Pacific.

According to my theory, it was a two-way street. After living in the same house with an Araucanian Indian family for two years in Chile in order to learn the Araucanian language and culture, I encountered the Maoris in New Zealand. I suspect that the Araucanians are distant cousins of the Maoris.

Fifty years ago, we detected three distinct dialects among the Araucanians: coastal, central, and Andean. The Maoris I met later sounded more like the coastal Araucanians than like the Araucanians from the Andes. Furthermore, the Maoris were physically very similiar to the coastal

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Araucanians. We should remember, too, that there have rarely existed more warlike peoples than the coastal Araucanians and the Maoris. Whereas the coastal Araucanians fought off the Incas, the Spaniards, and the Chileans, the related Indian tribes in Chile, north and south, speaking the same language, were more pacific and submitted first to the Incas and then to the Spanish conquerors.

While teaching science in Colegio Americano in Concepción on the Bio Bio River from 1917 to 1922, I discussed the theory of a multiple origin of the Chilean Indians with professors of anthropology at the then newly organized University of Concepción. Just before I left Chile in 1938, one of these professors called me by telephone at the agricultural school outside Temuco and asked me to go with him to Santa Maria Island, where there had been found what he thought was part of an ancient Maori-type war canoe embedded in the sand. Unfortunately, I could not go to Concepción at that time. When I returned to Chile in 1963-1965, the professor knew what he had done about the boat.

Thor Heyerdahl's speculation that a boat from the pyramid area of the Mediterranean could have passed the Strait of Gibraltar and then carried that culture to Yucatán is very feasible. In the same way, a war canoe or other craft, or a fleet, could easily have kept going across the South Pacific.

Perhaps Dr. Heyerdahl, after landing in Yucatán, would like to get together some New Zealand Maoris, pick up a few more crewmen from Pitcairn Island, and sail from New Zealand to Chile on the Humboldt Current. A linguist should be among the crew. I would also recommend a Maori wood-carver, for the carvings of human figures on Polynesian houses are similar to the headed posts that Araucanian medicine women climb in their initiation.

At all events, I am most happy to find my own ideas of a multiple origin of the peoples of North and South America being given more serious consideration than they received a generation ago.

WALTER H. DUGAN,
Phoenix, Ariz.

IN REGARD to "Thor Heyerdahl's Next Voyage," may I call your attention to an interesting passage in Isaiah 18:1-2 [King James Version] which reads: "Woe to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia: That sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters. . . ."

The Revised Standard Version of the Bible uses "Nile" instead of "sea," and "papyrus" instead of "bulrushes."

ARTHUR G. BARRETT,
Malden, Mass.

A REED BOAT mentioned in the Bible was pitched with tar, within and without. I refer to the second book of Moses, commonly called Exodus, second chapter, beginning with the third verse: "And when she could hide him no longer, she took for him a basket made of bulrushes, and daubed it with bitumen and pitch, and she put the child in it and placed it among the reeds at the river's brink."

This could have been the common means used by the ancient Egyptians to keep the reeds from becoming water-soaked and losing their buoyancy.

THE REVEREND W. LEE TRUMAN,
Monrovia United Methodist Church,
Monrovia, Calif.

WE THOROUGHLY ENJOYED your account of Thor Heyerdahl's building of the *Ra*, but we feel that your botanical authorities are suspect and perhaps may be grossly in error. You say: "Botanists knew that someone from South America had carried the bottle gourd, the sweet potato, the chili pepper, the small pineapple, the papaya, and the husk-tomato to Polynesia and transplanted them there, for those plants can't be reproduced from seeds."

Pineapple can be but seldom is propagated by seed. Chili pepper and papaya are nearly always propagated by seed.

CHARLES AND ELAINE MARTIN,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine how such an egregious error could appear in the science supplement of *SR*. All of the plants mentioned, with the exception of the sweet potato and pineapple, are reproduced *only* by seed; reproduction by seed is not necessarily excluded in the case of the two exceptions. The sweet potato, under tropical conditions, is quite capable of producing viable seed, and there are wild varieties of pineapple in which seeds are frequently found.

STEPHEN S. WHITE,
Milan, Mich.

JOHN LEAR seems to accept the theory that Polynesia was settled from Peru. The article says nothing at all about the main objection to this theory—the Polynesian language. All Polynesians speak very similar languages. These languages in turn are related to other neighboring language families to the west—to Melanesian, to Micronesian, to Indonesian, and to the languages spoken in Madagascar. Westward from Easter Island to the Malay Peninsula, there is a continuous band of peoples speaking related languages. Heyerdahl's theory would not explain why the languages of Polynesia are so much like those of their neighbors to the west and northwest and so much *un*like those of South America.

"After all we've been through this year, can't you just let us lie fallow for a while?"

RAOUL NAROLL,
Professor of Anthropology,
State University of New York,
Buffalo, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Lear's omission of the language aspect of Thor Heyerdahl's theory of transpacific migration does not reflect avoidance of the question by Heyerdahl himself. Heyerdahl discussed it in "The Kon-Tiki Expedition" and referred to it again in "Aku-Aku." Against the similarity between the Malayan and Polynesian languages, he juxtaposed the apparent contradiction that the Malayans are racially distinct from the Polynesians, and that blood-typing places the Polynesians close to American and far from Malayan, Melanesian, Micronesian, and other civilizations of the western Pacific.*

On Fluoridation

THE ARTICLE "New Facts on Fluoridation," by John Lear [*SR*, March 1], is so replete with misinformation and misinterpretation that it cannot stand unchallenged. Before dealing with specific points raised in the article, the nature of bone disease in chronic kidney failure should be clearly understood. Inevitably, patients with chronic kidney disease become unresponsive to the usual amount of vitamin D in the diet. As a consequence, dietary calcium is not absorbed from the intestinal tract, and the supply of blood calcium becomes insufficient for the continuous process of mineral deposition in bone. The result is that bone matrix becomes deficient in mineral (rickets or osteomalacia). The parathyroid gland compensates for the deficient entry of calcium into the blood from the intestinal tract by releasing more parathyroid hormone, thereby causing increased release of calcium from bone. Parathyroid hyperfunction is reflected by an increase in gland size. The increased amounts of circulating parathyroid hormone cause characteristic lesions by eroding pre-existing normally mineralized bone (osteitis fibrosa). Therefore, two characteristic bone lesions, namely osteomalacia and osteitis fibrosa, are a consequence of chronic kidney disease, and were recognized long before the use of the artificial kidney.

Mr. Lear refers to a case report (*Archives of Internal Medicine*, February 1965, page 167) in which the issue is raised of the advisability of using fluoridated water as the dialysate solution. Dialysate, blood, and bone concentrations of fluoride are cited, but there is no analysis of the statistical significance of this data. The bone lesions present in this patient were characteristic of those generally associated with chronic kidney failure, and the original authors avoided implicating fluoride as the cause of the bone disease. Nevertheless, Mr. Lear concludes that "the mineral

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content of the bones was dissolving at a high rate," and attributes this to the fluoride containing dialysate.

Mr. Lear then alludes to a second article *(Transactions of the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs,* 1968, page 412) the main thrust of which is that the blood concentration of fluoride increased in seven patients undergoing dialysis. Not a shred of evidence is cited that the elevated fluoride concentration had any adverse effects. Specifically, there was no mention of the presence or absence of bone disease in these patients.

Mr. Lear then dwells on the observation that fluoride in blood exists in both a protein-bound and free ionic form. This is of no relevance to his argument, since protein-bound substances obey the law of chemical dissociation.

Finally, Mr. Lear refers to an abstract by Dr. G. A. Posen *(Proceedings of the American Society of Nephrology,* November 1968, page 51) who observed that dialysis with fluoridated water resulted in a minimal increase in serum fluoride concentration, which was of questionable statistical significance. Histologic examination of bone showed the lesions characteristic of chronic kidney disease (see page 47). Parathyroid gland enlargement is also consistent with kidney disease.

Although it is clear that the reports cited above are of a highly preliminary nature and that any conclusions to be drawn (if indeed, any are warranted) are of a highly tentative nature, despite the patent inability to establish a direct causal relationship between fluoridated water and the bone disease in the patients of Dr. Posen, Mr. Lear concludes that "fluoridated water produced bone disease."

It should be emphasized that advanced fluoride deposition in bone occurring in miners (fluorosis) produces *increased* bone density (osteosclerosis) rather than dissolution. There is also recent experimental evidence that fluoride inhibits, rather than enhances, bone resorption.

Mr. Lear has appointed himself as an advocate of an abused lay public and has misinterpreted observations that are irrelevant to the question of fluoridation of drinking water.

RONALD KALLEN, M.D.,
Assistant Professor of Pediatrics,
Renal Division,
Children's Hospital of Los Angeles,
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is true that bone lesions often are found in chronic kidney disease. SR's March 1 report said so: "It was commonplace for patients aided by artificial kidneys to be attacked by blood and bone discomforts." However, the medical literature does not indicate that such extreme syndromes as osteomalacia and osteitis fibrosa are characteristic of most cases; indeed, a 1968 report from Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital states that they occur relatively seldom when unfluoridated water is used. Why do they occur at all? Could it be that fluoride triggers their appearance, and that their severity is related to the amount of fluoride present? This question is not answered in the literature. It ought to be. In a paper published in December 1968, a Mayo Clinic researcher, Dr. Jenifer Jowsey, described experiments demonstrating that fluoride ingestion alone can and does induce osteomalacia; only when calcium is added in sufficient amounts to the dosage is the damaging effect of fluoride counteracted; furthermore, if the calcium is not added before the fluoride has time to affect the bone, the damage inflicted on the bone is irreversible.*

Apparently, Dr. Kallen is not aware of the unusual circumstances surrounding publication of the reports on the death of the Rochester nurse whose case his letter refers to. The first report, which appeared in the "Journal of the American Medical Association" (June 29, 1963), did not even mention use of fluoridated water but by implication associated the nurse's death with the functioning of the particular type of artificial kidney used in her treatment; that type, the "JAMA" report declared, "is not acceptable as a routine method for treating chronic renal failure." The use of fluoridated water as a dialysate bath in the artificial kidney was disclosed only when the second report on the nurse's death was published in "Archives of Internal Medicine" (Feb. 1965). Contrary to custom in medical writing, the "Archives" report omitted mention of the earlier report on the same case in "JAMA." Critics of fluoridation of public drinking water point out that if the "Archives" report had referred to the preceding "JAMA" report, physicians throughout the country would have been alerted to side effects of fluoride. The omission of the "JAMA" background from the "Archives" report was, the critics allege, a deliberate device to keep the truth from the doctors. This accusation is denied by the authors of the "Archives" report, who say the omission was unintentional. In any event, the "Archives" report concerned itself entirely with the effects of fluoride and concluded that "where no effort can be made to learn more about its [fluoride's] possible effects, it would seem prudent to use nonfluoridated dialysate baths. . . ."

The significance of the 1968 report in "Transactions of the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs" was not to show immediate bone damage from fluoridated water (which seems likely only in the most sensitive persons, if at all), but to show that accumulation of fluoride in the blood of the Rochester nurse was not unique; a similar process occurred in seven other patients whose artificial kidneys were bathed with fluoridated water. The final paragraph in the "Transactions" report stated that clinical and laboratory data presented in the report "suggest that the [blood] serum fluoride values in these patients are likely to result in altered bone formation. Further studies will be needed

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to rule out the possibility that more generalized effects are occurring."

Dr. Kallen is mistaken in attributing to SR's science editor any conclusions about the relationship between fluoridated water and bone disease. Dr. Kallen is also wrong in stating that Dr. Gerald Posen's work at Ottawa has no statistical significance. The papers Dr. Posen and John Marier read to the Royal Canadian College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Canadian Society for Clinical Investigation in Vancouver last January said that the bone deformations persisted in spite of massive doses of calcium and vitamin D. After two-and-a-half years on artificial kidneys bathed with fluoridated water, the ten patients under study had up to ten times more free fluoride in their blood and bones than had been present before treatment began. All ten suffered severe bone disease with secondary hyperthyroidism. Nine of the ten patients experienced spontaneous bone fractures. In this context, the freedom of the fluoride ion to form various combinations in the body is highly relevant to identification of side effects.

UFOs

SOME MONTHS AGO in "A Scientific Study of UFOs" [*SR*, Feb. 1], you published the unembellished conclusions and recommendations of University of Colorado Physics Professor Edward U. Condon's two-year-long (1966-68) panel study of unidentified flying objects. Later, you also published, in the front of the magazine, an article which suggested that the study panel categorically opposed further investigation of UFOs ["UFOs and the Evidence," *SR*, March 29]. I think your readers might be interested in reading what Dr. Condon told the American Philosophical Society on this point. The following quotation is from a paper he read before the society last April 26:

> We concluded that it is not worthwhile to carry on a continuing study of UFOs in the manner in which it has been done thus far: that of going out into the field to interview persons who say they have seen something peculiar. The difficulty . . . lies in the rarity of the apparitions, their short duration, and the tendency of observers not to report their experience until long after it has ended. When a known object is the source of many reports, as in the case of the Zond IV re-entry of March 3, 1968, there is an extraordinary disagreement among the descriptions of what was seen by different observers of the same event. . . .
>
> But, contrary to popular belief, we did not rule out all future study. We stated: "Although we conclude, after nearly two years of intensive study, that we do not see any fruitful lines of advance from the study of UFO reports, we believe that any scientist with adequate training and credentials who does come up with a clearly defined, specific proposal for study should be supported."

JOHN BENDER,
Paradise, Pa.

Economy of Cities

Continued from page 35

This heretical challenge to academicism is a corollary of Mrs. Jacobs's brilliantly conceived theory of urban prosperity and growth. The traditional American view of cities, as breeding swamps for vice and superficial luxury, is expressed in William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech: "Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic, but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city . . ." Nonsense, says Mrs. Jacobs; the rural economy depends on the city for everything from fertilizers and the hybrid corn developed in New Haven laboratories to rural electrification. (She might have added the farm subsidies financed by city-dwellers.)

Economically vital cities are huge economic laboratories, with plenty of small enterprises and restless, creative people, not the tamed breed that settles for economic and social security in some huge corporate womb. The key to economic regeneration is continual expansion and diversification of the local economy. In the first (export-generating) stage of urban economic growth, local suppliers of goods and services for export become exporters of their own products (*e.g.*, engine manufacturers supplying a local shipbuilding industry start exporting engines to "foreign" users). In the next (import-replacement) stage, the local economy begins to produce products and services formerly imported (*e.g.*, Tokyo's remarkable bicycle manufacturing industry grew from small repair and parts-replacement shops). With growing exports earning more imports, and import-replacement sharpening competition for "foreign" exporters, this regenerative process promotes growth and expansion of the whole economic system.

What keeps economic regeneration going is the multiplication of goods and services from "breakaways" made by aggressive people who learn their work in an established organization and leave to reproduce work on their own. They invent new products or services, performed with new divisions of old work. What kills economic regeneration is overspecialization in one industry or, worse yet, dominance of one company.

In Rochester, N.Y., George Eastman's successful fight against breakaways ultimately reduced that city's formerly expanding economy to the specialized stagnation of the company town. The dull docility cultivated in the company town stultifies economic as well as social, cultural, and political life. Economic development thrives only in the free atmosphere of the metropolis, where a huge local economy limits any corporation's power.

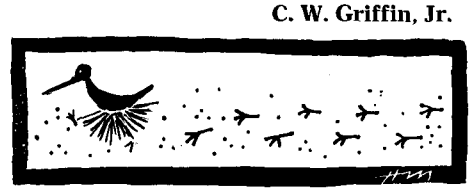
Despite the abstruse nature of her subject, Mrs. Jacobs again displays her power of critical observation, her preference for concrete facts over vague intellectual abstractions, and a simple, vigorous style purged of "infrastructures," "external economies," and other jargon parroted by urban economists. Above all, she displays an independent spirit willing to challenge anyone.

This zeal for independence, however, breeds some cranky vices and some incredible, simplistic nonsense. Mrs. Jacobs is an individualistic ideologue, imbued with the "onward-and-upward" optimism of the late nineteenth century. She has faith in economic regeneration as a cure for the useless-weapons' production racket, for poverty, and even for water and air pollution. Her disparagement of conventional pollution-control measures (*e.g.*, banning high-sulfur fuels) is incredibly naïve. If we wait until the reclamation of air-polluting wastes is economically profitable (Mrs. Jacobs's answer to pollution), we may all suffocate. Equally ingenuous is her hope for controlling thermal pollution of lakes and rivers through recycling of waste water to recover absorbed heat. Profitable re-use of cooling water used to condense power-generating steam will require repeal of the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

Mrs. Jacobs also displays some perverse logic, notably in her opposition to birth control as a means of reducing poverty among the heavily breeding poor. She says ". . . if it is true that poverty is indeed caused by overpopulation, then it follows that poor people ought to prosper wherever populations decline appreciably." According to this logic, if *a* implies *b*, then *not-a* implies *not-b*; if smokers get cancer, then non-smokers do not.

Here is Mrs. Jacobs, the ideologue, at her worst. Can she seriously doubt that poor families with ten children instead of two are multiplying the poor and perpetuating the culture of poverty? Does she know that air pollution intensity is directly correlated with urban size? (Our four largest cities have the nation's four most heavily poisoned atmospheres.) Is she serious in calling the policy of limiting population growth "profoundly reactionary"?

C. W. Griffin, Jr.



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State of Affairs

Continued from page 10

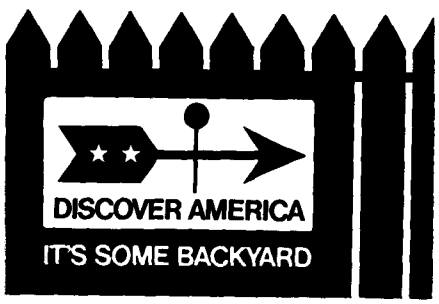
Anglo-German plans would allow for the kind of pause that could avert all-out nuclear war. But some also reject these plans, feeling that they only will lead to an acceleration of a total nuclear confrontation.

Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird showed sympathy for the Anglo-German plans at a recent meeting of the NATO nuclear planning committee. The Nixon Administration, in fact, is also sympathetic to a European nuclear force as long as it is sufficiently integrated with the American.

The leader of the British Conservative Party, Edward Heath, who was treated like a future Prime Minister on a recent visit to Washington, has favored such a European nuclear force for some time, but it is difficult to see how it can come about. There are the forbidding costs; there is the continued fear in Congress that British nuclear secrets, most of which are American in origin, would seep to the Russians via the French; and there is the continued strong aversion in Britain and France to letting Germany put a finger on the nuclear trigger.

In his Colorado Springs speech President Nixon said that he will not "pursue arms control as an end in itself." This reflects another basic difference between the Johnson and the Nixon Administrations. Nixon believes that arms control must be linked to other steps designed to create greater confidence between the United States and the Soviet Union. The Johnson Administration believed that an agreement on arms control would help pave the way toward a détente between the two superpowers. The Russians have indicated that they strongly reject the so-called "linkage" idea between one set of Soviet-American problems and another; they see it as an attempt to force the Soviet hand.

Finally, there is a profound, but not decisive, disagreement within the Nixon Administration as to the usefulness of nuclear arms control talks with the Russians. The systems analysts at the Pentagon apparently have proved that arms control agreements would have little effect on the extent of the enormous losses both sides would suffer should nuclear war break out. The flaw in this argument is that it is too technical. There can be no doubt about the desirability of such an agreement. A "freeze of strategic nuclear weapons" would create a greater sense of the effectiveness of the nuclear deterrent because, in the end, it would have to lead to the avoidance of MIRV and ABM defenses. It would also greatly improve the political climate between the U.S. and the Soviet Union and improve the prospects for disarmament. Altogether the world would be less uncertain.



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Rock-Folk-Protest

Continued from page 36

ing rock" ("Going Out of My Head"; "Remember"; Dion and the Belmonts' absolutely obscure "I Can't Go On, Rosalie"), "march rock" . . .

Fortunately, moments like these are the exception, not the rule.

No anthology could fully explain a period of cultural development as complex as the rock era, but *The Age of Rock* offers a smörgasbord of fascinating insights. A hilarious interview with Frank Zappa is one of the most lucid statements in print about social and cultural revolution; Tom Wolfe's portrait of a teen-age-record tycoon is a classic of zap journalism; Richard Poirier's and Ned Rorem's essays on the Beatles, originally printed in *Partisan Review* and the *New York Review of Books*, comprised the official announcement from the intellectual establishment that rock had arrived.

The Age of Rock spans a spectrum, in short, with the socially involved and the revolutionaries at one end and the mind-blown set at the other. Richard Fariña was an intellectual and a balladeer; he lingers as a symbol of today's youth cult in its early stages. Jim Morrison, the subject of the last piece in *The Age of Rock*, is the symbol of where that culture has been heading most recently—towards an almost fiendish but tantalizing primitivism and a celebration of violence. Perhaps the time will come when even he will seem old-fashioned.

Henry S. Resnik

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FRASER YOUNG
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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1352 will be found in the next issue.

DTL STCMZW XU C QCWWRFY GXZCF CML IWICOOK RF VRMLSD MLOCDRXF DX DTL WQLLV XU TLM QCWWRFY.

—ZCMSLO QMXIWD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1351

Connoisseur: A specialist who knows everything about something and nothing about anything else.

—AMBROSE BIERCE.

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Saint-Lô

Continued from page 15

men, are conservative. A city built on a different site would not be Saint-Lô.

Although it was not the kind of liberation the Laudiniens had dreamed of for four years, the yoke of enslavement by *les Boches* had been lifted from their necks. The air was free, though the price of this freedom had come dear. In the department of the Manche one-third of the population was left homeless, 617 out of 648 communities were either partially or totally destroyed, almost half of the churches were wrecked and, in a department that supplies more milk and milk products than any other in France, 110,000 animals had been killed, half of them dairy cows. In addition, 300,000 apple trees were casualties and this, in a region where the production of cider and apple brandy totaled 200 million gallons before the war, was a serious loss.

There are those for whom even a new city will never erase the memory of the sixth of June 1944: the woman who lost fifteen members of her family in one raid; the man who, like Gablin, having survived the prison crash, returned home to find his entire family buried under ruins — eleven bodies, burned beyond recognition. These survivors and others in countless Norman towns and villages still live in a mute daze, resigned and humble like the cows in the field and, like these dumb animals, stare into the vacancy of a world they do not understand.

It is the dream of every town planner to design a completely new city. Saint-Lô in 1945 provided such an opportunity. Here was a town in which almost every building had been destroyed or irreparably damaged. There were no foundations to build on, only memories, traditions, history. Yet these traditions and the natural conservatism of the people created the challenge for the architects schooled in *urbanisme*. As the Inspector General of Urbanism for Normandy put it: "The task before us is to create, within the framework of the landscape and of historical tradition, and with the nation's potentialities in mind, a modern structure; to make the most of our heritage of art, of monuments, and of natural sites; to attract tourists, promote economic exchange; and, above all, to make it possible for everyone to have a lodging that is comfortable, cheerful, bright, and human." This ambitious ideal has now been realized: A visitor to Saint-Lô is impressed by the imaginative fusion of the old and the new; the ancient walls that once defended the city from its enemies now form an imposing base for the gleaming prefectural buildings that rise above them. Like the phoenix, Saint-Lô has risen from its ashes.

Boldness and balance characterize the new Saint-Lô. The vast new Prefecture rises as a symbol of strength and regeneration, a striking contrast in its modern lines of concrete and glass to the former capitol of Empire style. The unusual columns tapering downward, the profusion of glass brick even in the vaulted ceilings of the halls, the emphasis on space, light, and air throughout has shaken the sensibilities of many a traditionalist. But the relatively rapid completion of this building and of the Prefect's mansion next to it have brought reassurance to the people of Saint-Lô of the importance of their city as a departmental capital.

Most of the old street names have been retained but new ones, born of the war, have been added. There is a Rue des 29e et 35e Divisions. There is a Rue de Baltimore in honor of the Twenty-ninth Division and of the city

that raised more money than any other for the modern Franco-American Memorial Hospital. There is of course, as in almost every village and town in France since the war, a Rue Maréchal Leclerc. But the one hero whom the Laudiniens chose to honor above all others was an American, Major Thomas D. Howie, commander of the Third Battalion of the 116th Infantry. Major Howie was killed on July 17, 1944, by German mortar fire just after giving orders for an advance into Saint-Lô. The next day his body, shrouded in an American flag and covered with roses, was laid on the ruins of the bell tower of the Sainte-Croix Church. The short street north of this church has been named le Boulevard Major Howie.

The opening of wide, new streets, the emphasis placed on architectural perspectives—notably in the unusual curved facades of some of the new buildings—and the dominant impression of light and air and verdure, render unrecognizable the Saint-Lô described many years ago by Anatole France: "a dark little, limping, hunchbacked town, built all askew. . . ."

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Swedish Ballet

Continued from page 23

fast turns, and *port-de-bras,* including soft *épaulement* and a delicate tilt to the head, evocative of the Romantic Age of Ballet.

Other ballet given during this festival season included *Oktett* (to music of Schubert), choreographed by a former director of the Royal Swedish Ballet, the Canadian Brian Macdonald; Birgit Aakesson's long-popular avant-garde *Sisyfos* (music of Karl-Birger Blomdahl); another avant-garde piece, *. . . . from one point to any other point . . .* , by Margaretha Aasberg, with electronic music by Lar-Gunnar Bodin; Birgit Cullberg's *The Moon Reindeer* (music of Knudaage Riisager), which is in the repertory of several major companies; and Balanchine's *Four Temperaments* (Hindemith).

Oktett is light but first-class Macdonald; that is, slick, highly musical, appealing to the eye, and filled with lots of movement surprises and witticisms. The Aasberg dance called for the old opera house to be wired for stereophonic sound. Blips in the electronic score and in lighting, plus projections on a backdrop, and distorted projections on the curved surface of a huge white balloon held by a dancer, were ingredients in an interesting experiment in which sights, sounds, and steps were not integrated, not paired off but, rather, related in very loose association. This is not new, of course, but the Swedes did it well—as they did with a Balanchine ballet and in a Lapland ballet, *Moon Reindeer,* closely related to their own folklore, in which the guest artists were the superb Anna Laerkesen of the Royal Danish Ballet and her fine partner, Palle Jacobsen.

Bruhn, on the basis of his accomplishments as represented on this festival, may be justly proud of both his dancers and his staff, including himself. As a dancer, he is honored around the world; if his plans for the Royal Swedish Ballet can be carried out, he will earn equal fame as a director. And wouldn't it be ironic if this Dane built the Royal Swedish Ballet into a performing unit capable of rivaling his own Royal Danish Ballet? What *that* would do to Danish-Swedish relations is cause to tremble!

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1 i, 2h, 3j, 4b, 5g, 6m, 7n, 8 l, 9c, 10 f, 11 k, 12 o, 13e, 14d, 15a.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 33: whiter, writhe, wither.

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(Continued from page 53)

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SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies, Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 11 days, $240. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

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AN OPEN LETTER OF APOLOGY to Residents of New York: I deeply regret that we at Gurney's Inn "On the Brink O' the Beach" at Montauk, Long Island, cannot offer the convenience of high-priced parking lots and/or garages with the associated interminable waiting period and the blessings of downright rude attendants, who drive your car in a manner that makes Hell's Angels seem like Boy Scouts; we cannot offer mediocre food and beverages at exorbitantly high prices; the warmth of insolent cab drivers, the dirt and the smog, the noise and confusion, the traffic jams. Sorry about that! All we can offer is a sumptuous International cuisine served lavishly by a well-trained and courteous staff in clean, tasteful, appointed surroundings—free of dust, dirt, smog, and if you feel that you can survive the shock of fresh, clean, unadulterated air and water, with a tang of salt spray—you are welcome to visit. Call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn . . . Gurney's Inn . . . "On the brink O' the Beach . . . Oceanfront Cottages and Hostels, Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954 . . . U.S.A. . . . Planet Earth. Open All Year.

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VACATIONS

SUMMER AT RAINBOW LODGE is. Books, brooks and birds. Meadows, woods and mountains. Cool rooms, private baths. Filtered pool. Modified American Plan. 914-688-7761. Mt. Tremper, N.Y. 12457.

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SOUTHERN VERMONT—Take a country lane up our picturebook hill and discover The North Wind, serene, secluded, hilltop-high. Superior accommodations, imaginative cuisine, relaxed atmosphere. Pool and lake swimming, tennis, riding, golf, archery, summer theatre, Marlboro Music Festival. And—a restful, rustic view from a cool and quiet terrace. From $80 weekly American. Family Plans. Rental chalet. Illustrated brochure. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. 802-464-5416.

LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. 212-LE 2-7700.

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FLORIDA KEYS IN SUMMER? Positively. Cooled by summer trade winds, Rainbow Bend Fishing Club offers spacious air-conditioned oceanfront apartments, sandy beach. Fish, swim, snorkel, birdwatch, sail. Folder. Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida.

VERMONT . . . The Beckoning Country—Beauty, history, covered bridges, museums, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, hiking, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate inn well-maintained. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, fine service, air conditioning. Near golf courses, chair lifts, library, places of worship, shops, horseback riding. Memorable! Reasonable! Tel. 802-247-5766 or write BRANDON INN, A Vermont Resort, Box 205, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $12, doubles $22-$24 daily E.P. Lower after September 15th. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 4th. Open April-January. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

13 LUCKY PEOPLE—Thirteen Acres. Thompson Ridge, N.Y. 914-874-2801. Quiet, charming resort. Dietary laws.

COCKTAIL LOUNGES, LOUD MUSIC, traffic lights: Interested? Miss the boat as all this remains behind as you vacation ten miles at sea on a serene outer island among softwood forest, majestic cliffs and clean air for all. Brochure. The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine.

VACATION ABOARD MYSTIC WHALER! Glorious, adventuresome days UNDER SAIL . . . New England coast, summers; Drake's Passage, Virgin Islands, winters. Always smooth sailing. All-new U.S. flag windjammer. Greatest Vacation in America! Brochure: MYSTIC WHALER, Mystic, Connecticut. 203-249-9341.

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THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $70 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

VACATIONS

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SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

BERMUDA—Secluded city accommodations. Inland Guest House, Box 421, Hamilton, Bermuda.

COVERED BRIDGE SWIMMING HOLE, Battenkill River fishing, tennis. Real country holiday. Reservations: Mrs. Walter Finney, Grandmother's House, Arlington, Vermont 05259.

POCONOS—Scenery, serenity, serendipity. Modern housekeeping cottages, pool, family fun. Week, month. Rondan, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania. 212-ES 7-0737.

WILEY INN—PERU, VERMONT. Relaxing country Inn on 22 acres. Heated Pool. Brochure available. 802-824-6600.

SCENIC GRANDEUR. Two 18-hole golf courses. Central touring location. Proven pollen free. Write for folder, Dept. 15, Chamber of Commerce, Bethlehem, N.H. 03574.

ACAPULCO—Unique, charming private beach. For rent per day or week. Lovely small houses with pool and incredible view, all conveniences. Photographs on request. Acapulco, Gro., Tel: 2-27-26, Apartado 98 or Struck, Mexico City, 20-05-15.

CARIBBEAN BEACH ISLAND—Tamarinde Guesthouse. Brochure. St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

MAINE WRITERS' WORKSHOP on lobstermen's harbor. Limited enrollment. Box N-613.

APPALACHIAN WRITERS WORKSHOP July 20th-26th, Pippa Passes, Kentucky. Sponsored by Alice Lloyd College in the Appalachian Mountains. Workshops and manuscript criticism in fiction and nonfiction writing and poetry. Write: Albert Stewart, Director, Box 132, Pippa Passes, Kentucky 41844.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

TRAVEL

TOKYO-JAPAN SEMINAR—July 13th to August 2nd, 1969, $499 includes professional seminar, all transport (jet), 2 days hotel. Brochure can be obtained from Association of Bar Associates, Box G, Willingboro, New Jersey 08046.

CASTLE-HOTELS, FLEA MARKETS. Delightful European guidebooks. New revised 1969 "Castle-Hotels of Europe"—450 castles-monasteries, palaces offering accommodations, 16 countries, 250 illustrations, maps. $2.95 paperback, $4.50 hardbound. "Europe's Flea Markets, Budget Antique Shops"—80 markets, 10 countries, street maps. $2.95 paperback. Both paperbacks $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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TRAVEL

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up/delivery—airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 287 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

MUSIC FESTIVALS OF EUROPE—Distinguished musician ROBERT LAWRENCE will lead small group to Festivals of Lucerne, Bregenz, Salzburg, Ghent, Edinburgh. 21-day tour departs August 13th. Price $1,095 includes round-trip transportation from New York, first class hotels, most meals, tickets to Opera performances and Concerts. Very limited space available—write now. **AVENTURE GASTRONOMIQUE** — "Saumon au champagne" at the Pyramide and "Gratin de queues d'ecrevisses" at Auberge de Pere Bise are included in 21 days of dining at renowned tables of Portugal, France and England. Your host will be distinguished gastronome MAURICE MOORE-BETTY. Departure September 18th via Air France. $1,585 includes air transportation from New York; gourmet meals; wine tasting; deluxe hotels. Vision Travel, Inc., 29 East 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. 212-PL 1-6780.

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SAIL THE MEDITERRANEAN aboard 90' Barquentine. 4 months cruise departing September 1st, 1969. The Pride, P.O. Box 22069, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33315.

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SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

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SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $135 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

THIS AD + $6.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air-conditioning. Single-$9.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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"GREEN HELL TOUR"—AMAZON. 15th successful year. Amazing 18 day 2,500 mile tour of the Amazon Jungle in "armchair" comfort. $998, all inclusive N.Y./N.Y. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1839

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

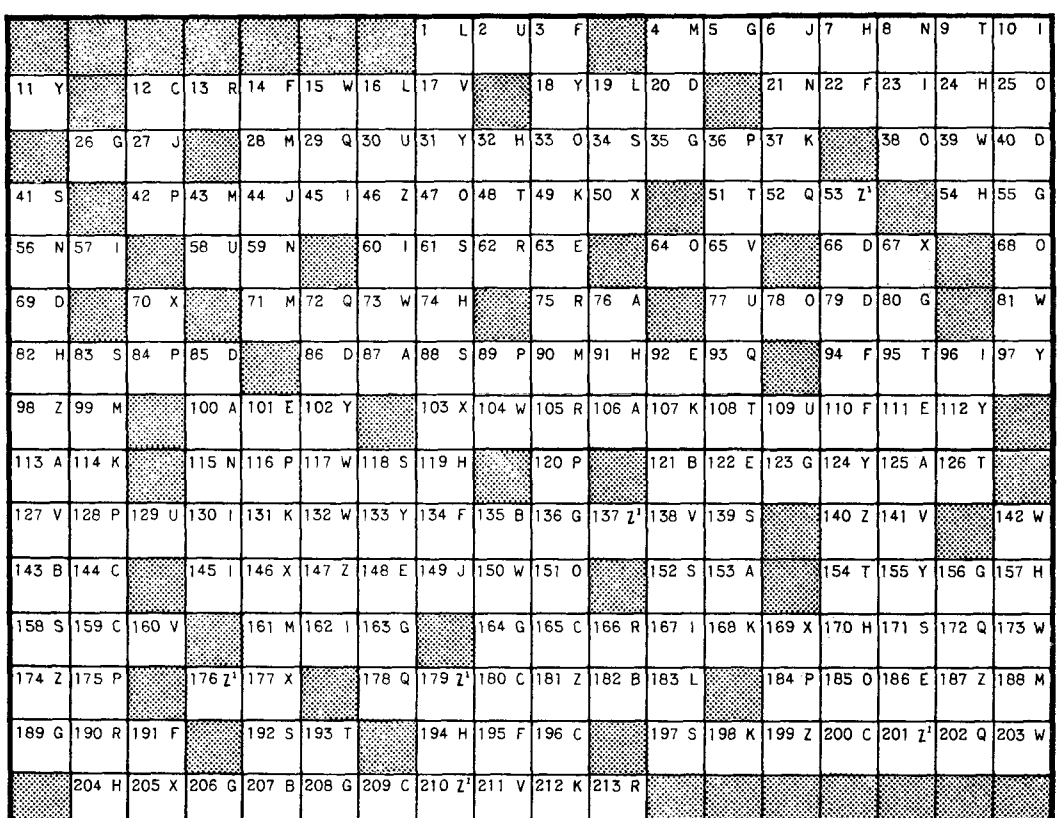
By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Inane.	76 87 100 106 113 125 153
B. Minor chief or dignitary.	182 207 121 135 143
C. Understood by a select few.	144 159 165 180 196 200 209 12
D. Media of romantic divination.	20 40 66 69 79 85 86
E. Knocked for a loop (2 wds.)	92 101 111 122 63 148 186
F. Magical, esp. with the aid of divine spirits.	191 195 3 14 22 94 110 134
G. Excessive reverence for churchly forms and traditions.	163 164 189 208 5 26 35 55 80 156 136 206 123
H. When Hamlet could "drink hot blood" (2 wds., after "the very" and followed by WORD V.	24 91 74 54 82 157 170 119 194 7 204 32
I. One of Robert Burns' names for the Devil (2 wds., "Address to the Deil").	10 45 60 167 162 23 130 145 96 57
J. Crucifix.	149 27 44 6
K. "Tired of his dark dominion swung ——." (2 wds.; Meredith, "Lucifer in Starlight").	107 198 37 114 131 168 212 49
L. One of a series of metal plates just below the waist in a suit of armor (var. sp.)	1 19 16 183
M. Last; for WORDS I and K, perhaps.	43 188 90 99 4 28 71 161

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. To mire.	8 56 115 59 21
O. Mountain in Spain, thought to have been the site of the castle of the Holy Grail (var. sp.)	185 64 25 33 47 151 78 68 38
P. Positive principle of Henri Bergson (2 Fr. wds.)	116 84 89 175 36 184 42 120 128
Q. Apparition.	29 202 52 178 172 72 93
R. Surrounding.	13 62 75 105 190 166 213
S. Spells, charms.	192 158 197 152 139 41 171 88 83 61 118 34
T. Grassland with few or no trees.	126 108 9 95 193 48 154 51
U. Hell.	58 129 30 2 77 109
V. See WORD H (2 wds.)	138 141 65 211 127 17 160
W. Carmelite monks (2 wds.)	81 39 173 142 104 132 73 117 150 15 203
X. Guardian of the Holy Grail.	146 169 177 205 103 67 70 50
Y. Parsifal's son.	11 124 18 102 97 155 31 133 112
Z. Town in S. France where the Albigenses held a council in 1167.	147 140 181 187 174 199 46 98
Z^1. Imaginary belt of the heavens; circuit.	210 176 53 137 179 201

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to Tokyo

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Dublin

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 3, 1970, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 3rd issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review*.

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Erich Hartmann—Photographer and visual design consultant for major corporations.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1969

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1968, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1969, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 3, 1970. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1969 *Saturday Review* 380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

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PAINTING FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," written in script proper to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting you may see.

Soon paintings will be more than just "good" or "bad" to you. You will be able to talk knowledgeably and form your own educated opinion when you visit a gallery or museum. And parents will find themselves sharing their understanding with their children, thereby providing a foundation for a lifelong interest in art.

Examine the first portfolio without charge

You can study the first seminar by mailing the coupon on this page to the Book-of-the-Month Club, which administers the program for the Museum. You will receive the first of the twelve portfolios, *What Is a Painting?*, for a two-week trial examination. Subsequent portfolios, sent at the rate of one a month, are devoted to realism, expressionism, abstraction, composition, painting techniques, and the role of the artist as social critic and visionary.

If you choose not to continue, simply return the portfolio and your subscription will be canceled. There is no further obligation. But if you are convinced of the program's worth, you pay only $3.75, plus a small charge to cover mailing and handling expense, for this and for each of the remaining portfolios you accept.

S166-7-1

Metropolitan Museum of Art Seminars in the Home

c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
280 Park Avenue New York, N.Y. 10017

Please enroll me as a subscriber and send me Portfolio 1, *What Is a Painting?* If after two weeks I decide not to continue, I may return it, canceling my subscription. If I retain it, bill me $3.75, plus a small mailing charge, for it and for each of the remaining portfolios as they are received. I may cancel this subscription at any time.

PRINT NAME_____

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CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

PLEASE NOTE: IN CANADA, PRICE OF PORTFOLIO IS $4.25 PLUS MAILING 9-01

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